

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 157.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE GOOD DOCTOR AMBROSE.

IN a crypt of the greatest library of one of our great cities, there dwelt the aged and respectable janitor, together with his daughter and a servant.

ments thus made, at an abatement of a hundred dollars from his yearly salary for rent. The idea was adopted with acclaim, for it was at once perceived that, by establishing

tears of gratitude, and who never failed to speak of their tender consideration at least once a day until the hour of his death.

Thus it was that the janitor became domi-



" 'Corbin,' he whispered, 'who is that, pray?' "—Page 338.

The main floor of the building rested upon a series of heavy columns; and as it had appeared that the spaces between them were likely to be unemployed for the storage of waste and rubbish, a shrewd spirit among the managers suggested that a few board partitions be erected, and that the dutiful janitor and his wife be invited to occupy the apart-

the janitor in the building, the necessity of purchasing the services of a watchman was obviated at a blow.

This was a stroke of good business; but, concealing their economical policy under many smiles of benevolent and generous import, the astute board mentioned the plan to the grateful Corbin, who hastened to accept it with

ciled in the cellar. But his apartments were not at all times unpleasant. To be sure, his good wife died in one of them from bronchial disease, contracted from the damps which exhaled from the walls in the spring-time, and the dairyman could never be made to descend to the kitchen, but would always leave the filled pitcher near the low window-sill, where

it was more handy for the cats than for Corbin's servants; but, barring these and a few minor reasons, the little rooms were not wholly unendurable. For a few hours on each pleasant day the sun came in at the back-windows, which looked upon an ancient cemetery, filled with flowers and verdure above-ground, and mouldy revolutionary bones below; the harsh noises of the adjacent streets were here hushed to a gentle murmur, which rather soothed than disturbed; the songs of the birds in the trees of the church-yard often rang merrily through the vaulted apartments; and, as Corbin and his daughter were naturally light-hearted, the two were never cursed with repining.

At his business Corbin was a martinet. His duties required intelligence, diligence, and a faculty for system and order. In his way he was a tyrant. He would follow the dusters and sweepers with the eye of a Dame Durden. No carpenter employed by him to lay a shelf or to repair a desk ever collected the price of a nail more than his fair and proper due; no wood-sawyer or coal-heaver was ever known to delay too long in his work for either breath or ale; no breaker of library-rules ever went unwarned by him, and his solemn and threatening eye kept the boisterous children in check, when, after school, they rushed in to get their evening's reading.

But it was with the regular patrons of the library, the students, young and old, that Corbin was most congenial. Though not a learned man himself, far from it, indeed, yet he appreciated knowledge in others; he respected a bookworm devoutly, and would go far and do much to oblige one.

He was especially devoted to one in particular—a man of such vast erudition and scholastic acquirements, that Corbin never ceased to wonder at him; this was Doctor Ambrose, the great philologist and lexicographer.

Corbin considered it a privilege to wait upon this famous man whenever he appeared within the precincts of the library. He would stand at the head of the stairs and welcome him like a host. He would take charge of his outer clothing, find him a comfortable seat, and then would hurry off for the various catalogues, and upon a slip of paper he would jot down, with bated breath, the numbers of the volumes which his great friend required; then with his own hands and arms he would quickly bring the ponderous tomes, and arrange them in their proper order before him, and then would retire, with a genial smile, a little to the rear, conscious of having contributed something to the literature of the age.

Now and then an accident would expose to the reverent janitor that his friend possessed even another title in addition to those already known. Corbin often ran over in his mind, as his eyes rested admiringly upon the doctor, the sounding honors which belonged to him, and he loved to recite them to his daughter, who naturally partook of her father's adoration for this illustrious man. These were some of his attainments:

He was president of the Philadelphia Philological Society; president of the Geographical and Statistical Society of America;

secretary to the Board of Home Missions; the chief inspirer of the Association for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the South; a correspondent of Dr. Livingstone, and also of the Royal Educational Societies of Berlin, Paris, and London. He was an eminent microscopist, and was the only member of High Honor of the Queen Adelaide Association of Germany. He was fellow of many societies, philosophical, scientific, and others; and, when Corbin's memory conjured something like a dozen more titles, he very excusably began to think that there was no practical limit to the doctor's brain.

No wonder, then, that the amiable janitor danced attendance upon this mighty personage with feelings of delight and awe. He provided the best ink for him; he wiped his pen upon the lining of his own coat; and he felt a deep satisfaction when he beheld the doctor drawing in huge draughts of knowledge from the books he had provided.

In person the doctor was agreeable and even charming, notwithstanding his age of sixty years. His hair was very gray, but very thick; his eyes blue; his face thin, smooth, and regular; and his figure erect and spare.

Corbin admired him profoundly, but he discreetly held himself aloof, and always poured the story of his passion into the ear of his daughter at tea.

One day the good and sage Doctor Ambrose appeared to be lazy. He wished for no books, no pamphlets, no ink, no paper; in fact, nothing.

He went to one of the long windows which looked upon the cemetery, and gazed out upon the lofty trees and the lowly stones, which were half hidden with moss. It was a delightful day; the air was warm and permeated with the smell of flowers, and there arose that peaceful hum which the wings of the hordes of insects make as they prey upon each other.

Corbin stood a little in the rear, trying to decide what it was that affected his friend.

The doctor gazed up at the sky and down at the ground, at the trunks and the leaves of the trees, and seemed to be entirely aimless. Presently, however, his eyes became fixed. He seemed interested, and leaned forward, with his knuckles on the sill.

He beheld a young girl, standing amid a tall hedge of hollyhocks which surrounded a greenish slab of sandstone, busily employed in scraping away the accumulated dust from the inscription thereon with a bit of stick.

Stray shadows from the leaves above glided over her to and fro, and her pretty head was bent slightly downward, and her face was a little saddened, probably from her proximity to the dead.

Without turning around, the great doctor beckoned with his finger to the janitor, who he knew was near.

"Corbin," he whispered.

Corwin darted forward like a hungry pike.

"Sir," he ejaculated.

"Who is that, pray?"

Corbin looked downward with a thrill of pride. Tears of gratitude (they were always at hand) at once rushed into his eyes, for he was overjoyed that such a great man should

be moved to curiosity by any thing that belonged to him.

"That's my daughter, sir," replied he; inwardly praying meanwhile that she would not move away.

The doctor was incredulous; and such was Corbin's respect and faith in his knowledge, that he actually looked out of the window again in order to verify his first impressions. He was only twenty yards distant. "Yes," he added, emphatically, "that is my daughter."

"But how came she down there?" asked the doctor. "Did she go around to the gate, or did she drop out of a window, or how was it?"

"I am afraid she must have walked out of our back-door; in fact, I am sure of it, for I opened it for her myself."

This awakened curiosity in regard to Corbin's domicile, and he replied to the doctor at length, and described his premises in such glowing colors, that the lexicographer, in a ponderous sentence, expressed a desire to go down and see it.

"But, first," added he, "allow me to say that your daughter is exceedingly good-looking, and is grateful to a remarkable degree. She partakes of the Grecian in style. What is her name, sir?"

"Alice," replied Corbin, faintly, secretly wishing it was Althea.

"And, no doubt, she is an excellent daughter, industrious, frugal, and loving?"

"Yes," answered the happy janitor, "she is obedient, tidy, and wide-awake."

"Has she any prospect of marriage?"

"No—no, I think not," replied Corbin; "there is a young man hanging around, but we both think we should prefer an older person."

The two descended the wide stone steps together, and came to the cellar, in the farthest part of which were Corbin's rooms, partly illuminated by gas, and partly by the sunlight which strayed in at the low windows cut in the thick underpinning of the building.

With great assiduity Corbin led the doctor hither and thither, pointing out the charms of his residence, and decanting upon the overwhelming kindness of the board which permitted him to occupy such desirable quarters.

The doctor was gravely interested. He asked many questions, which his host answered with trembling eagerness. Corbin never had dreamed that the doctor was such an observer. In two minutes he convinced Corbin that his very best apartment was used for a kitchen, when it should have been the sitting-room. Corbin's surprise was great, and he declared he would have the change effected that very day. He begged the doctor to mention any other alteration he thought desirable; consequently the doctor fell foul of the antiquated gas-jets, and declared Corbin was burning twice the amount of gas necessary for twice the amount of light. This delighted Corbin, who bowed constantly at the words of wisdom, and jotted down the words "gas-fixtures" upon a slip of paper, which he put into his waistcoat-pocket.

In fact, the more the doctor criticised and suggested, the more grateful did Corbin become; and, by the time the learned man had

proposed turning all his surroundings bottom up, he was ready to fall prostrate before him in consequence of his great regard for his opinions.

Presently the doctor mentioned that he should like to see Corbin's daughter, and so that slavish man hastily departed to bring her in.

It is to be hinted that the two men had overrated the pretty Miss Alice by just a very little. It is not denied that she was pretty and graceful, but it must be stated, with due deference to the doctor and to her father, that she was also a trifle irrational.

She simpered and blushed and hung her head when her father brought her in, with the skirt of her dress securely clutched in his fingers, in order to prevent a sudden bolt on her part, and she trembled from head to foot when she gave the honorable and terrible visitor her pretty hand.

But, on acquaintance, he was not so severe, and she found the famous Doctor Ambrose a very companionable man.

He proposed they should go into the cemetery again, and he promised to tell her some curious stories about the people who were buried there. She gladly assented, and they emerged together upon the hollyhock-grove, while Corbin remained behind, looking furtively through a crack in the door.

"Ah," sighed he, "how happy should I feel if she could only marry such a man as that!"

He remained for ten minutes, entranced at the little picture of the great man carefully entertaining his daughter; and was about to go away to look after some cleaning he was having done, when he was struck by a sudden thought.

"Stop," said he to himself, "I think it will be a good move to ask the doctor about this stealing. He knows the ins and outs of the library so well that he may be able to advise me how to catch the thief; at least I can ask him."

Therefore he returned, went out through the little door, and stepped into the cemetery again, and went down the path where the doctor and his daughter were talking together.

He laid his finger upon the doctor's arm, and whispered in his ear:

"There are two more volumes missing, sir, two rare and old and well-preserved books."

The doctor quickly turned his eyes upon him with a most extraordinary gaze. But his face immediately cleared up again, and he smiled.

"My dear man," said he, gently, "you startled me—you touched me like an executioner. Two more books, did you say? That's very bad, Corbin. If we let the rascals go on in this fashion, we shall very soon be without a library."

"Very true, sir, very true," sighed Corbin. "The superintendent is furious, and we are at our wits' ends to know what to do to stop it. I hoped you might suggest some plan, and so I took the liberty to speak to you."

"Oh, it's no liberty, Corbin, no liberty at all. Only, you must watch them, Corbin—watch them."

Inasmuch as Corbin and his assistants had been doing little else than scrutinize vis-

itors to the library for the past two years, this advice did not seem particularly interesting, and he hung his head as if thinking.

"Yes, Corbin," continued the doctor, "though I am not a great thief-taker myself, I shall advise that you examine each suspicious circumstance very narrowly, and, when you have caught the culprit, hold on to him tight."

With a mere suspicion that the famous lexicographer was laughing at him, Corbin retired, full of reflection, leaving his daughter and her companion digging the dust from the inscriptions on the gravestones, and discoursing most amiably together.

This thieving business plagued him mightily. Now and then a book would be called for by a subscriber, and, while the records of the library would show that it should be in its place, yet examination would exhibit the fact that it was missing. In nearly every case the volume was very valuable, and, as long intervals had elapsed between its various consultations by the readers, it was impossible to fix any date on which it had been taken away.

The energy and ingenuity of the librarians had been taxed to the utmost to discover the thief, but without effect; and, although their zeal had been whetted of late by fresh evidences of pilferings, yet nothing had been discovered, and they had almost begun to consider themselves helpless.

Hence it was that the perturbed and distracted Corbin grasped at the fancy that the intelligent Doctor Ambrose might possibly give him a hint, inasmuch as he had almost free access to the books; but, having been disappointed, he retired abashed and non-plussed.

But the prettier and more ardent daughter, unharassed by any of her father's trials, had a far different experience with the illustrious doctor. While she and the janitor sat at tea that evening, she chatted most eloquently upon the charms of her new-found friend.

"O father dear, he's a mine of history. He described the ancient city for me, and I could almost see the red-coated soldiers and the blue-stockinged townsmen, and the awkward beacon on the hill, and the terrible stocks and gallows in the valley beside it; indeed, I am half tempted to become a browsing, dusty bookworm, with a little lantern on top of my head, and an ink-bottle tied to my waist."

Corbin shook his head doubtfully.

"Yes, and my voice would crack, my shoulders drop down, my back rise up in a hump, my neck would wrinkle like an accordion, and I would shuffle around in the musty libraries and family-archive closets a happy woman."

"My love!" Corbin set down his cup.

"But then," she continued after a moment's reflection, "he is as good a poet as he is historian, and beautiful language from the lips of an old man like him is very charming to me, pa." She refrained from eating for a while, and folded her hands. "Ah, what would you give to hear 'Gray's Elegy' from his lips! He recited the whole of it, word for word, and such feeling! such pathos! such intonation! I think I shall begin to write.

I've been thinking of an 'Elegy in a City Church-yard'—with a ten-foot verse. How do you like the idea?"

"Your muffins are getting cool, Lollipop."

"Very likely, pa, very likely. They may freeze if they choose, but still I insist on telling you that Doctor Ambrose is truly a wonderful man—a charming man, if he is gray."

"Indeed he is; he is astonishing!"

"He's beautiful!"

"Eh!" cried her father.

"Beautiful, pa. If you had seen him, as I did, standing amid the tall flowers which reached up above his head, and leaning with one shoulder against an old weather-worn pedestal with its mouldy urn, and had watched his splendid face flush all over with the feeling he aroused within himself, you would have called him beautiful as soon as I. I think I must have been entranced; for, while I was busy watching his eye and figure, and thinking that such a noble, active life as his must be the only one to live, I caught him smiling at me, and you know his smile is divine!"

"Of course!" returned Corbin, warmly.

"It is so sweet."

"And so expressive."

"It is a little rare, though," objected the fair.

"Better so than common," said the father.

"Decidedly," replied the daughter. In a few moments she murmured, meanwhile rattling her spoon in the cup: "He is a much older person than Arthur, pa."

Corbin glared at her across the table. But he was not angry in the least; he was merely shocked—violently shocked. But the redoubtable Alice sat perfectly still in the twilight. Presently he replied, in rather a thinner voice than common:

"Thirty-five years, my love, only thirty-five years. It might be more."

Both the Corbins slept ill that night.

But, seriously, it was no commonplace matter for a young girl to be beset by a man like the great Doctor Ambrose. He had all the graces of language at his tongue's end, and he had by no means forgotten the old tricks of the beau that he had been in his younger days.

On the morrow he came again to walk in the cemetery-paths with his bright young friend, and also on the next day. He brought a book for her—"The Curiosities of Philological Research"—and explained the singular jokes contained therein with such an interesting manner that Miss Alice for forty-eight hours dreamed of becoming a philologist out of hand.

The great man was any thing but a pedant. He was never dry in his subjects and explanations, but talked so daintily and vigorously that the pretty girl could think of nothing else than what he said to her. He never frowned upon a laugh, but gave himself up to it with such heartiness that it overjoyed her, and put her in such a rollicking mood that the watchful Corbin felt in his inmost soul that matters were truly getting on.

For the better part of a fortnight the comedy was played without a blemish to mar. True it was that the "grave and reverend"

associates of the learned man looked askance upon his manner of spending his hours, and laughed and spoke doubtfully among themselves, albeit he was a bachelor, and free to do as he chose.

The young gentleman hinted at a moment ago now began to know what it was to be defeated. His foothold within the precincts of Corbin's abode, always slippery and insecure at the best, now became precarious and even dangerous.

"No, my dear friend," said Corbin, placing his hand upon his arm, "should I by any means ever come into possession of another daughter, and should you by diligent study and close application ever rise to become an eminent lexicographer, or microscopist, or philologist, and become the president of any of the great societies which bloom upon every hand, then I may be induced to consider your claims; in fact, my dear Arthur, I hold this out as an incentive: concentrate your talents and industry upon some science, and the next daughter I have shall be yours."

"But you are not yet married?" sighed the disconcerted lad.

"I am thinking of it, however," replied Corbin. "No doubt, a few years hence will find me about to become engaged to some person of good social standing and of sufficient income to educate any children which may result from our union in a becoming manner; and, as I decidedly object that any child of mine shall marry before she has attained twenty years, you perceive you have ample opportunity to perfect yourself, even in the driest pursuit, before you call upon me to demand her hand, and perhaps," added the janitor, modestly, "her little fortune."

True love, however, was not to be quenched by such speeches as this, and the unhappy boy, no longer welcome to the beloved cellar-rooms, hovered in the vicinity of the library, and looked down from the reading-room windows, which commanded a view of Corbin's door, and carefully nursed and augmented his misery by what he beheld going on below.

One bright morning Corbin again approached the good Doctor Ambrose, who was telling Miss Alice some of the sad stories of the old Puritan times, and with a doleful face related the discovery of the loss of more valuable books from the library.

"We do not know which way to turn, sir," said the unhappy janitor, twisting his handkerchief into a knot; "the thieves are wonderfully shrewd. All the books may have been taken a year ago for aught I or any one else can tell, and it makes the task of discovery dreadfully hard. Now, three days ago, we found that two ancient Spanish books had disappeared, and the next morning an old volume of sermons, with notes in the handwriting of Cotton Mather, was not to be found. And now, not half an hour ago, a very old treatise on heraldry and an illuminated prayer-book from an Italian monastery have vanished."

"Ah, Corbin," sighed his listener, "this is very sad."

"Yes," replied the janitor, "I cannot think of any villany so black as robbing a person of his books; I would quarter the

robber if I could lay my hands upon him."

"And burn his remains," added the doctor, angrily.

"And burn his remains," echoed Corbin.

He then went away with a rapid stride, and left the two to chat in quietness. But the doctor kept silence for a moment, while he watched the retreating form of the janitor, and, after he had gone entirely out of sight, he said to his companion, who was assisting a toad to bury himself:

"I am afraid your good father has not got the true antiquarian regard for books that some men have. I think he is too fierce, for there is something excusable in such thefts, and some even go so far as to say the taking of any thing which is extremely rare is not a theft at all."

No wonder that the pretty Miss Alice opened her eyes and deserted her employment. She laughed and shook her head.

"You have persuaded me to believe a great many strange things, so please try and make me believe that if you can."

"Oh, I don't say that I believe it, but still some good men say that what is very beautiful and very singular is not purchasable for private satisfaction; that one appreciative man has as good a right to that which he comprehends, provided he cannot get the same pleasure from any thing else, as his neighbor; that my visitor has a right, in a certain sense, to pocket and carry off any trifle which is a sample of high art, as it belongs to him as much as it does to me, because it is the only thing of its kind in the world. Every one agrees that the gentleman who has fine pictures in his gallery has no right to wholly exclude the public from them, and it is but a step further in the same direction to say that they do not belong to him at all. Inasmuch as no man has the right to purchase for himself the privilege to study a particular branch of painting, sculpture, or literature, it seems clear that he has no right to purchase and keep secret any painting, statue, or book, which shall push him ahead at the cost of the ignorance of everybody else. Therefore, if a student come upon any thing anywhere that he feels is important to him, and is not to be procured elsewhere, he has a right to take it—that is, he is by no means to be classed among thieves. All the conquering generals carry off ancient sculptures and rare works of art wherever they can find them, but they would never think of attaching articles of comfort or convenience. They would readily seize upon the Laocoon or a Correggio, but they would never confiscate the bed-linen or the decorations of a palace; and so I can understand that some old fellow has been admitted to this library, perhaps among the sweepers and cleaners, who took that disguise for greater security, and has conveyed all these missing books to his own apartments for his own private delectation, yet I would be willing to wager, if such is the case, that the old gentleman would rather die than carry away a door-mat or a pen-holder."

"Oh," cried Miss Alice, "I never heard such a talker as you are! Now, that seems very sensible. I believe what you say almost;

but I didn't think you could make me do so. But you are very learned."

"Yes," replied the good Doctor Ambrose, with a laugh, "I think I am."

But he could talk gossip and chit-chat, as well as sophistry. Neither did it come amiss from him; on the contrary, fancies seemed more graceful coming from his venerable lips, and the charm of his eye and the tenderness of his voice took the little maiden all by storm, and by the aid of her vanity, which was gratified by pleasing such a great man as he was, she was able to give her whole soul to the task of pleasing him. She had had practice at the art of looking into one's face, and the good Doctor Ambrose in his younger days had taught himself how to turn such looks to the best advantage.

If they walked together, both were pleased, and they compared with each other as the flowers and trees which surrounded them, and he would have been a hard judge who would have declared them incongruous.

It was her very want of learning and astuteness which delighted him, and it was his fame and acquirements, together with his gentleness, which pleased her; so they deciphered the tombstones together (as a cover for much quiet fun), and were blind to the amusement manifest at some of the upper windows which overlooked the cemetery.

It was a great day for Corbin when the professor first came to tea, and Miss Alice fluttered about with the toast and jelly with the agitation of a frightened bird, while the visitor, divested of his science and philology, looked on with an approving eye, and dreamed of similar teas which he might call his own.

Even during this pleasant hour the faithful janitor, whose mind was ever upon the welfare of the library, could not separate himself from his grievance. He often sighed as the visions of the stolen books arose before him, and he prayed he might lay but one finger upon the culprit, and felt he would be able to crush him with even that.

Miss Alice gayly detailed the professor's ideas regarding book-thieves, and her father, shutting his fist, laughed grimly, but at once looked at the doctor, as if to say: "What a joker you are, to be sure!"

But after this sorrow of Corbin's, the next one was that he was not able to show more clearly to the professor the great esteem in which he held him. Waiting upon him, procuring his books, cleansing his pen, smiling at his jokes, and removing his overcoat, and inviting him to tea, conveyed a certain amount of good-will, but he yearned to discover something stronger; and so between these two troubles, and his anxiety regarding the great man's intentions toward his daughter, Corbin fell into a state of nervousness disagreeable to behold.

Commonly no one could be of better temper than the professor. This was a source of delight to the pretty Miss Alice, who shunned a downcast face, and who grieved to watch a saddened man.

Now, on the very day following the little tea at the janitor's, the good Doctor Ambrose was depressed and heavy-hearted. He rapped at the janitor's door for his happy friend, who

bounded out at once and caught him by the lapels of his long coat.

She chirruped like a bird, and led him out to the gay hollyhock-garden. Here she looked at him. She at once blamed herself with giving him something disagreeable to eat on the previous night.

"No—no," expostulated the professor, "it is not that. It is the shortcomings of my private library which plagues me. A gentleman called upon me this morning who possesses a volume I have always desired. I had suppressed all thoughts of it, but now they are reanimated again, and I am miserable—foolishly, no doubt, but still I cannot correct myself."

He looked so annoyed and gloomy, that his bright companion at once drooped her head and was ready to weep.

"I cannot purchase it," continued the doctor, "for it is very—very rare. In fact, there are only two copies in the State. This library has one, and it is locked up tight in a walnut cabinet in Alcove No. 10, and the other is possessed by my rival. You must know, my dear girl, that I am a book-fancier of great repute, and I mourn the absence of some volumes from my library as you would mourn the absence of brothers or sisters from your home."

"Ah," sighed Miss Alice, "I'm so sorry!"

The mischievous and gossiping fellow-servants of the professor, who were stationed as usual at the upper windows, agreed that the two had quarrelled, for they seemed dispirited and downcast.

"What is the name of the book, sir?"

asked Miss Alice, in a timid voice.

"*Reliquia Wottoniana*," responded the doctor, with another sigh. "It is an old book of poems and essays by Henry Wotton, printed two hundred years ago. The book is old and brown, and is very much cracked at the back, and the leaves are all a little frayed; in fact it is a treasure of treasures, and I would give a finger, yes, a hand, to possess it."

The professor put out his hand, and they both contemplated it for some seconds in silence, as if mentally calculating whether or not it would be a good bargain.

It was at this point that the disasters which soon overtook the two people began.

The depression of the good Doctor Ambrose was too real to be shaken off at will, and the sympathy of the tender-hearted Miss Alice was too keen to die while the cause existed; therefore they passed a cheerless day, and both grew more and more miserable as the hours went by. The doctor departed early; as he did so, Miss Alice whispered in his ear:

"I wish I only knew how to help you, even if only a very little. I'm sure I would do a great deal to cheer you up, for it makes me so unhappy, so very unhappy, to see any thing annoy you."

With this particularly selfish, yet well-meant address, she saw him depart, and then retired to her innermost room, and wept and moped the rest of the day.

That day another flutter seized upon the officials of the library. A copy of Eliot's "*Indian Bible*" was missed. This was the greatest loss the institution had yet sustained, and the superintendent nearly went mad with the

well-bred rage which he tried to smother, and all his subordinates went immediately under a cloud; and Corbin turned pale with excitement, and remained so the rest of the day. Among the precautionary orders which were issued, was one which forbade the information of the loss being spread abroad, and therefore Corbin sat at supper that evening with a face as forbidding as night, and spoke few words to his already-distressed daughter.

It was in the unusual silence of the evening that the way occurred to her by which she could help and relieve her best friend.

She quitted her stitching. She looked furtively at her father. He was busy with his own reflections, and did not observe her. Then she began to tremble all over with the thought that possessed her. The blood flowed back from her fingers, and left them white and cold; they no longer had the strength or will to wield the slender needle they held, and they intertwined helplessly and lay quite still upon the lap of their poor mistress. She seemed suddenly bewitched. Now she would go to bed. Now she would read. Now she would just lie down for a nap, and then would rise and think it all over. Now she would abandon the plan. But she did neither of these things, especially the last.

An hour went by. The Corbins had always stinted themselves to a certain quantity of oil, and, at the end of the hour, this quantity began to be exhausted. Every thing was supremely quiet. Corbin sat in his chair, with his head bent forward, apparently musing, and his daughter sat behind, beside the table, with her arm stretched out upon it, her hand shut tight, her head erect, her eyes wide open, and turned sideways upon her father's figure. She was painfully wide-awake. It was eleven o'clock.

"Father," said she, in a soft voice, which was incompatible with her attitude and appearance, "the lamp is going out. Don't you think we had better go to bed?"

"Yes," said Corbin, arousing himself and stretching out his arms, "yes, we will go to bed."

Alice instantly arose and bustled about, and got a lamp for herself and lit it. In a few moments she approached her father. He kissed her.

"Good-night," said he.

"Good-night," she returned, in a whisper.

They separated; she to go to her room and to extinguish her light after due time, to divest herself of her shoes, and to sit in the dark, still trembling, and with no thought of sleep; her father to open the shutters silently, and to sit beside the opening thus made, and to gaze watchfully up at the library-windows, which were illuminated by the moon.

At half-past twelve, Miss Alice arose and stole out of her room like a cat. There was not so much as a rustle of her dress, or a jar of a bolt; she was careful and secret.

She went up the winding stairs, turned the handle of the door, and emerged upon the main corridor. She held her breath and looked around. No sound, no sight; nothing but stillness, profound and impressive.

She found a huge key under a mat, and by little and little she thrust it into the enormous door of the library and turned it. She then

seized the handle and turned that. The door, fifteen feet high, and ornamented heavily with bronze, swung open without so much as a creak.

She entered the lofty hall with steps as timid as those of a hare, and felt herself more oppressed with space than had she gone out into the open air. Fifty feet above her there was a murky glow of light which came in through the windows of deadened glass. The pillars seemed to stretch away for miles. The floor was cold and damp.

She listened hard. The tiny reports made by the separating of particles in the natural process of decay filled her with terror as they occurred. But she halted only when such assaults petrified her; at other times she crept on and on across the deserted space, and she breathed freer when she came to a circular stairway of iron.

She began to ascend. As she went round and round she went alternately into darkness and light. She was cautious, and never made a misstep.

There were three ranges of alcoves. Her destination was in the second. She gained it without making so much as the smallest alarm. She found the walnut case, and found the key to it under a little ledge at one side. She opened the case; fortune favored her, for she made no noise here.

She lit a match. The noise of the act sounded like thunder. Her heart gave a bound, but she held tight to the glowing splinter. She waved it before the narrow shelves.

She laid her hand upon the "*Reliquia Wottoniana*," and pulled it out.

Her light expired. All was dark in an instant. She listened, but only heard the sound of her own rapid pulse.

"How glad he will be to get this!" she thought to herself.

Suddenly she was illuminated by a vivid glare of white light. It came out of the darkness in front of her, like a bolt of lightning, and lit up the entire place. A shrill scream escaped from her, and at the same instant a cry of rage and sorrow burst from him who held the lantern.

The unhappy duet aroused every echo in the lofty hall.

Corbin and his daughter contemplated each other in miserable silence. She shivered like an aspen, and he stood as rigid as a statue, with his chin resting on his hand.

He replaced the book upon its shelf, and then led her down again by the arm, like a prisoner.

What a sorry night it was that they passed together!

Without the cessation of a moment, the janitor walked up and down the little length of his apartment, with his eye upon his daughter.

She was sunken deep in a chair, with a very white face. Her hair had fallen about her shoulders, and her hands hung down by her side with no life in them.

He accused her over and over again, in a high-pitched, rapid tone, of being the stealer of all the books.

Frightened and terrified beyond expression at the event of the night, she but half com-

prehended him, and replied with feeble articulation:

"No, no, no!"

The agony of her father was without comparison. His life-long rectitude served to exhibit this crime of his own flesh and blood most vividly. He begged her to explain to him why it was that she had done this and like deeds.

She shook her head slowly, and turned away.

He upbraided her fiercely, but she was silent.

He pictured to her the dismal outlook—the forfeiture of his place, the quittal of their little home, the terrible stain that must ever cling to them.

Then she began to weep piteously; but still she said not a word, not a single syllable beyond the simple denial which she uttered at first.

Then her father began to pray for morning, so that he might send for the good Doctor Ambrose, who would advise him.

A glow of light crossed his daughter's face at this, which appeared to mean:

"Then I shall be free. When he comes, he will side with me, and then my father will forgive me."

But his name never passed her lips. She would have risen to prepare their breakfast, but her father sternly forbade her, and she retreated, weeping, to a corner, where she strove to be calm and patient.

At the proper time the janitor sent for the great man. It was early in the morning.

He sent back to inquire why he should come.

Corbin, therefore, sat down and wrote with a trembling hand the whole of the bitter story. He also gave the name of the book.

The illustrious doctor, on reading the note, laughed aloud and clapped his hands.

"This is truly unexpected! I think I will now forego the pleasure of marrying her, for she will serve a better purpose. No doubt the pretty puss meant the book for me—but that she should steal it—O horror!"

It amused him greatly.

"I see Providence in this," he murmured, while searching for pens and paper with which to reply to Corbin. "She will be an admirable will-o'-the-wisp for them while I make my last venture. How often Fortune accommodates us if we but let her alone!"

He wrote to Corbin, saying in effect that he was profoundly astonished and was overwhelmed with grief. He would hasten to condole with him that evening after the close of the meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society, of which he was president.

"How tasteless and valueless are all my honors now!" he exclaimed; "how barren are the achievements of the brain and intellect when the heart is outraged!"

How the day dragged on for the unhappy janitor and his wretched daughter!

She grew ill with the delay. Even in the few hours emaciation made hollows in her cheeks, and helped to make her face painful to look upon.

She complained at the lingering moments, and looked forward with trust to the kind

language of her friend, which should relieve her.

It was nine o'clock at night when he appeared. She heard his step upon the stone stairway, and she went forward lightly.

He came in slowly at the door-way.

She ran up with a cry of welcome, and clasped his arm as if it were the rock of salvation.

He looked down at her with the most implacable severity.

She faltered.

He drew away and crossed over to her father, leaving her petrified and terribly white.

"Corbin," said the illustrious man, turning around and fixing his eye upon the poor girl, "I feel for you deeply; it is hard, my dear friend; for you, at least, are faithful and true to the core; but alas! that one so beautiful, so young, so ignorant of the world, should develop such—forgive me, Corbin, I say no more, I am silent."

The crushed and overpowered appearance of the janitor warned him.

He looked at Alice again. She clasped her hands and gazed at him imploringly. But he argued to himself that this was all untrue; that it would one day be discovered that she did not take the books, and so the present scene was but a farce, though honestly played; therefore, it accorded with his interests to scowl upon her and to turn away.

The good Doctor Ambrose, full of grief, presently departed. His heart was too full to advise and counsel, but he hoped good would transpire from it in some way; he did, indeed.

At the door he whispered to Corbin, and asked what she had done with all the books.

Corbin wrung his hands and made no reply.

When he returned to his cellar, he found his daughter lying in a heap upon the floor. He labored hard to revive her. The act awoke a glow of sympathy for her, and he half resolved to arouse her and to fly away with her out of sight and sound of their troubles, and to hide somewhere where the tale could never reach their ears again.

While thus reflecting, a slight, metallic ring reached his ears. He looked up. His door-bell was swaying slowly, as if with caution. He hastened to the door.

A man stood outside, who laid hold of his arm, and drew him out and whispered in his ear.

Corbin's knees shook beneath him. He retreated within the door again, dragging the man after him.

"By what door?" demanded he in the dark.

"By the little door near the cellar-way. He had a key," answered the man, with excitement.

"My God!" cried Corbin.

As an Indian follows his enemy, or as a cat pursues its unsuspecting victim, with now a short run or a stealthy step or a vigorous leap, now halting with raised head and now lurking with contracted body, so in the vast and dark and silent library one dim figure pursued another dim figure, and kept just so far behind it, no more and no less.

The first of the two moved warily, but still with ease, as if he knew the place well. The step of the other was soft, sudden, and determined; a fanciful observer would have declared him a dangerous man.

Now and then the first of them stopped to listen, and to look up angrily at the glow of light which came from overhead. He then would hasten away out of it. Once he went to the balustrade and gazed down into the vast space before him, and again turned his ear to hearken for danger.

Both of them kept on up the winding stairs, and, as they reached the third row of alcoves, the two figures became three—one followed and the others following.

Suddenly, the first disappeared in a black closet. One of the others pursued him, and one remained outside.

In a few moments there broke upon the silence a rustling sound—a noise of leaves—then a soft pushing and pulling, made by volumes being taken from and returned to the shelves; then there was a smothered cough, occasioned, perhaps, by the dust; then a prolonged and perfect silence. Nothing moved.

Succeeding this was a rasping sound. The first figure was busy trying to light a match. He did so. A faint glare issued from the room; it flickered, and then became steady. Then a sound of a rapid drawing down of books and of piling them one upon another; then a sound like the pant of a furious man or beast; then another dead silence of a second's duration; then a crash of a falling book; and then, after that, a vivid glow of light over every thing, and two terrible shouts, which for a second time disturbed the silence of the uttermost parts of the building.

Upon the first figure leaped the one that had dogged him, and it bore him down like an avalanche. Its powerful hands laid hold upon his throat, and its knees gathered themselves upon his chest.

He struggled, but in vain; he endeavored to cry out, but in vain; he tried to breathe, but also in vain. Surrounded by his thefts, and held fast in the embrace of an outraged man, it began to look as if he were beginning to meet his deserts.

Corbin arose.

"So," cried he, in a loud whisper—"so this is the thief, then! It was the good and learned Doctor Ambrose who made us the trouble! Ah! the good Doctor Ambrose—so gentlemanly, so kind, so full of heart!—damn him!"

Arthur, the third figure, added:

"I will swear that I have seen him go in and come out of that little door by the cellar-way eight times, always after hours."

"He is commencing to breathe again," said the janitor, as if he were speaking of a dog.

"That's rather fortunate for you," said the boy.

"I only wish I had strangled him altogether," responded Corbin; "but we must be quick and get him arrested, for, if he begins to talk, we shall lose him."

A week afterward, the Corbins, carefully and primly dressed, presented themselves, together with Arthur, at the porch of the coun-

ty-jail of B—, and inquired for their enemy.

By way of warning, the turnkey said to them:

"He has changed for the worse, and is a different man. Say what you have to say quickly, and keep your tempers. I limit you to five minutes."

Poor Miss Alice clung tight to the lad's arm, and began to tremble and cry. The white walls and black, shining bars frightened her. They ascended a gallery, and came to a place not unlike an alcove in their own library. The superintendent and a lawyer were present, and, as they stood before the prisoner, the new visitors did not see him at first, but, as they stepped aside, they beheld him.

Corbin dropped his head; Arthur turned away; Alice, with her hand to her mouth, stared at him with terrified eyes.

He was frightfully pale and thin. His clothing lay in folds at his chest.

"Stop," said he to his lawyer, raising his hand; "I must talk for a moment to these.—Corbin, I am guilty of every thing. I took every book that has been missed from the library, and ten that were not missed.—You found them at my lodgings, did you not, Mr. Superintendent?"

The superintendent nodded.

"Before the court, to-morrow, I shall admit every thing. You will not be required as a witness. I shall remain a prisoner for a number of years—how many, I cannot tell. I shall not be permitted to correct many things, but I demand to be allowed to make a few amends for the sorrow and pain I have made for you three. After settling my estate, there will be a considerable sum remaining, which I shall cause to be held in trust for you, the detective, providing you are of the same mind as of old regarding your companion—are you?"

He spoke to the boy, who turned red and bowed. This was all business-like. No one wept; for the professor's voice, though thin, was still forcible and unsympathetic.

"Then," he continued, "I am satisfied. My library will go to the janitor—I have no family—and, with these few words, I ask you to leave me. I explain my crime by simply saying that I was a bibliomaniac, but respected money too much to spend it unnecessarily—therefore I took what I wanted without question.—Miss Alice" (he held out his hand; it was unsteady; she stepped forward, and took it), "good-by, dear girl! I once thought I was honest to you. I was not. I shall never see you again, I think, and I would like to have you kiss me—if you will—what! no? Well, perhaps it is better. Good-by! Allow me—you were dropping your shawl!"

He stood up. Corbin gave him his hand. So did Arthur. Alice, also, did so, but she hesitated, her tears rushed forth, and she raised her face to her old friend.

He leaned over for an instant.

"Good-by, good-by, dear girl! God bless you forever!"

He fixed his eyes upon the opposite wall, and never removed them until he heard the grated door clang behind the departing three.

ALBERT WESTER, JR.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD AND LADY PENNYROYAL AND MR. SON-DEELING.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick!" said Mr. Podager, and then, in a little while, in half a minute, he called out "Miss Markham!" as the incumbent and his wife and the dear old maid arrived. Then there was a short pause, during which most of the visitors made their appearance, and Lady Carlton looked anxious, as though waiting for an event. Then came Mr. Podager to the front again, still more stately and still more tardy, and announced—

"Lord and Lady Pennyroyal!"

Let us take Lady Pennyroyal first. She was in every respect a most delightful woman. Delightful is all very well, but tell us this minute how old she was. That is the first question which even little children now ask about ladies—"How old is she?" followed rapidly by another—"Is she good-looking?" Youth and looks now rule the world more completely with a rod of iron than in any other age, and in a little while there will be no room left in this age of admiration for persons of either sex who are unfortunately over fifty. Lady Pennyroyal was what some of you would call awfully old; we call her a good age. If you looked her out in the "Peerage," you would see that she was sixty-five. You can take no interest, you young ones, in a lady of that age; you don't call it "good" at all. Tastes differ, and we do take an interest in Lady Pennyroyal, whom we declare still to be a most fascinating woman, and we only hope any of you young people of her sex will be half as fascinating when you are of her age, if you live so long, which is not likely if you let your emotions and feelings and sensations run away with you down the hill of life as fast as some of you are already going, when you are scarcely out of your teens. Lady Pennyroyal had been, and still was, a very beautiful woman. She was tall, and upright as a dart; her figure was still beautiful, her eyes were gray and soft, her features straight, her brow noble, and her mouth firm and yet soft. They said she had gone through many sorrows. Lord Pennyroyal had not been her first love, though he had been her last. That root of bitterness was still there, though it had not found in her noble heart any soil in which to spring up into worse fruit. Then her children had died, several of them, one after another, just as they were growing up. In the vault, at Farthinghoe Castle were ever so many little Lady Marjorams, all cut off just as they came into flower. There they lay, wasting all their sweetness among the bones of their forefathers and foremothers. One, two, three, four, five, six coffins of sons and daughters of Lady Pennyroyal might be counted in that vault. Poor things! They were buried as well as any undertaker could do it. There were elm coffins, and lead coffins, and mahogany coffins, and silver plates, and black velvet, and short, touching inscriptions. Every

thing was done to make them comfortable in the grave; yet what did it all come to? There they lay, side by side, born into the world and then snatched away from it, having just taken a peep at life, as it were, through a chink or cranny, and then bidden to come away and leave earth and its pomps and vanities, and to lie beneath it lapped in lead in the hope of a blessed resurrection. It was sad to think on, and, as Lady Pennyroyal thought of it, and of those she had lost, she grew sadder and sadder; but she did not grow sour—grief chastened and mellowed her feelings, and, if any thing, she was more sympathetic after the loss of her children, and more ready to help all around her, than when she still had her quiver full. "I have still three left," she said; but they were all sons, and the youngest was now grown up. The eldest, Lord Rosemary, had been in the Guards; but he had sold out, and now he was nothing but his father's heir. The two other Honorable Mr. Marjorams were still in the army—one sweltering in India, and the other alternately sweltering and shivering in Canada. So that, except for Lord Rosemary, Lady Pennyroyal had small comfort of her children. This description must suffice for her at present. All we can say is, if you do not like her, it must be all our fault, for we mean you all to like her very much.

Lord Pennyroyal was a tall, thin man, not very good-looking, with something of the rueful family features of the Marjorams; but, at the same time, he was aristocratic, and, when you looked at him, you knew you had a born gentleman before you. He was not very clever or very brilliant, but every now and then he said a good thing, and it came out in a way that showed, if he would only take the trouble, he could say a deal more of the same sort. But in general he was as parsimonious in bringing out the treasures of his mind as he was saving in his worldly goods; for you must know that Lord Pennyroyal's worst fault was that he was very much of a miser. It wasn't at all that he would not spend large sums, for, if there was an estate to be bought which rounded off his property, he bought it without a pang; nor was he illiberal or uncharitable, when any thing was to be done either liberally or charitably on a grand scale. He would give a thousand pounds to this hospital, and fifteen hundred pounds to that institution, cheerfully. It was not in great things, but in little things, that he showed his stinginess; and, as there are, happily, more little than great things in life, people were always hearing of his meanness in trifles and forgetting how truly generous he had often been on great occasions. He would walk a mile to save sixpence, even when the rain was pouring, and the London mud and rain together were spoiling his hat and his clothing to the tune of at least ten shillings. His income was enormous. What do we mean by "enormous?" says a reader who will not let us deal in extravagant expressions. Well, we mean, by "enormous," more than a hundred thousand pounds a year—that we call "enormous." But, in truth, Lord Pennyroyal's income no one can tell. He is still alive, and likely to live; and, as he has had a hundred

thousand pounds a year ever since he was born, is now seventy, and has been saving all his life, there is no knowing what he may be worth. We only hope he will remember us, and as many of our readers as deserve it, in his will, and that personally and particularly, not generally, by building us and all the world an asylum for idiots or a small-pox hospital, but leaving us each several thousand pounds to our sole and separate use. But it is too tempting to speculate on what Lord Pennyroyal may do with his money. There he was, in the drawing-room at High Beech, immensely wealthy, yet bearing on him the leprosy of stinginess.

The flutter caused by the coming of the Pennyroyals had scarcely subsided when there was another arrival. Mr. Podager stalked in again and called "Mr. Sonderling!"

Mr. Sonderling was a very strange-looking man. He was tall and slim. He was a German, you know, and wore spectacles. Most English people think all Germans wear spectacles; they even believe Germans are born with them, as some babes with a caul, just in the same way as they think all the Germans in the city are sugar-bakers, and come from Hamburg. Mrs. Marjoram was plainly of this opinion, for, when she was told Mr. Sonderling was a German, she said, "I thought so—he wears spectacles." But Mr. Sonderling had other peculiarities—he had red hair, and his hair stood out like shock-headed Peter's in the story-book, and it was so staring and fluffy, and unmanageable either by brush or comb, that the old women of High Beech would have said there was a dash of *Plica Polonica* in the Sonderling family; only no woman, young or old, in High Beech, had ever heard of *Plica Polonica*, or what that fearful hair-disease meant. In general appearance Mr. Sonderling was very like a red Polish Jew, or Socrates. Those of you who know what red Polish Jews look like will know how Mr. Sonderling looked; and those who know how Socrates looked will also know what Mr. Sonderling was like. If any of you are so unfortunate as neither to know how Polish Jews look nor how Socrates looked, we are afraid it can't be helped. We have done all we can for you. Mr. Sonderling had great goggle-staring eyes, and one eye was what may be called a swivel-eye—it was bigger and more goggled than the other, and stood farther out from the socket. It was an eye by aid of which a man might almost see behind his back. It would not have been safe to put a pigtail on Mr. Sonderling, or to make a face at him behind his back. If any one took such liberties, Mr. Sonderling would have been sure to turn round and catch the culprit in the act. His nose was a decided snub, quite as snubby as the nose of Socrates, which you may see at the Crystal Palace in his bust; and he had thick, blubber lips. When he opened his mouth he showed more gums than teeth; you saw his gums first, and his teeth afterward. He had a great jaw, and his teeth were set in it, far apart, as though they were not his own, but had been transposed from the mouth of some one else. For the rest, they were not bad teeth; but when one looked at them, a second thought arose that some of his back-teeth

had slipped in front, so big and square and solid they looked.

Altogether, Mr. Sonderling was no beauty, nor was Socrates, but he had a broad, massive brow, and a look of rare intelligence; when he smiled, his whole countenance was lighted up, and you felt, after all, that you could love him and admire him though he was so ugly.

No one exactly knew Mr. Sonderling's age; sometimes he looked as old as the hills, sometimes not more than five-and-thirty. From what we know we have reason to believe that he was not more than that age.

Though he was ugly, Mr. Sonderling was not at all awkward. His bow was almost equal to Count Pantouffles's, and his manners were quite as good as those of Lord Pennyroyal, who was proverbially good-mannered. It is a good thing for a very ugly man to be polite and well-bred, for somehow or other it is the cause of ugliness that most people fancy frights must be ill at ease, as though they felt they had no business to show themselves in society with such hideous faces; and so it was a great relief to all the strangers present when they saw that Mr. Sonderling was exquisitely polite, and could hold his own, as the saying is, in any company.

"We are all here," said Sir Thomas Carlton, as soon as Mr. Sonderling was announced. "Let us have dinner."

There was so little time between Mr. Sonderling's arrival and the announcement of dinner, that no one had an opportunity of seeing what we saw. As soon as Mr. Sonderling saw the fair Amicia, he gave a little shout. He did not faint, as she did, at the mere mention of his name in the morning; he only hung out a little flag of emotion or surprise, and then pulled it in again. As for Amicia, she made no sign or signal whatever. To look at her, one would have thought she had never heard the name "Sonderling," much less swooned away at its sound.

"Dinner is served, my lady," said Mr. Podager, and the arduous duty of seating nineteen people at dinner began. The day before, the table had been oblong, now it was round, and it is much easier to seat people at a round than a square table. It is the old story of the round holes and the square people with a square table, and the round people with round holes in a round one. Lady Carlton went off first with Lord Pennyroyal; but before she went she had paired her birds for the little matrimony of dinner; so they all streamed out after her in order of precedence. After her went Lady Pennyroyal with Sir Thomas Carlton, then came Amicia with Count Pantouffles, who led her up and placed her next to Sir Thomas; so that, to Florry's infinite delight, she saw her, when she took her place safely seated next papa, with the impenetrable count to act as a non-conductor between her and the outer world. Next came Mrs. Rubrick with Mr. Beeswing. Mrs. Rubrick was a baronet's daughter. Then came Mrs. Marjoram with Mr. Rubrick; then Mrs. Barker with Mr. Sonderling; then Miss Markham with Colonel Barker; then Florry (what fun for Florry!) with Harry Fortescue; and Alice with Edward; and, last of all, Mr. Marjoram walked in alone. For him there was

no lady. Lady Carlton, if she had dared, would have given him again to Miss Markham; but she feared a scene with Mrs. Marjoram, and so Mr. Marjoram walked in alone.

When they had all settled into their places and grace was over, Florry and Alice found themselves, to their great joy, well away from Lady Sweetapple in the middle of the round; and, if any thing, rather nearer to their mother's than to their father's end of the table. We call it "end," but we very well know that a round table has no end, or, better still, is all ends and points. Without quibbling over words, it is enough to say that Florry and Alice were as far off Lady Sweetapple as possible, and that made them very happy—Florry for her own, and Alice for Florry's sake. It so happened that Mr. Sonderling sat on the other side of Florry, nearer to Sir Thomas; Alice and Edward were on the other side of the table, opposite to Harry Fortescue and Florry. Where the rest sat does not much matter.

Lady Pennyroyal was a very good converser. She talked like one of the old school. She had no daughters to reform her language, after the new model of "awfully" and "jolly," and that set of phrases; but whatever she said was worth listening to, and she had that rare gift of always drawing out from those with whom she talked the line of conversation which best suited them. With her, conversation was a kind of divination. She struck at once upon the hidden spring with her rod, and made it gush out and flow. Nor was Sir Thomas, when thus incited, a bad talker. No wonder, then, that the conversation between him and Lady Pennyroyal was continuous and lively. For the time, they were so wrapped up in one another that Sir Thomas had no time to say any thing to Lady Sweetapple, save the merest commonplaces. What she got were merely those crumbs of conversation which fell from the rich man's table. It was humiliating to Amicia to be treated like a dog, but so it was. Of course, there was a banquet spread for her, too, and she might have partaken of it if she chose. She might have feasted on the flow of Count Pantouffles's soul; but, as we well know, Count Pantouffles had no soul. On the whole, his platitudes were more nauseous than the crumbs of comfort which came from Sir Thomas. So there Amicia sat the dinner through, thinking of Edith Price, of Florry Carlton, and, we must add it, of Mr. Sonderling.

At the other end of the table Lord Pennyroyal talked the regulation talk of set dinners with Lady Carlton. He spoke of the weather and the grass, and how there would not be half a load of hay to the acre all over the Farthinghoe estate unless they had rain soon. It was even worse down in Nottinghamshire at Rosemary Manor. His farmers there said they had not had one drop of rain all through April. Somehow or other, the seasons were quite changed since he was a boy. Then it always rained at the right time, but now it never rained except in November, and then ten inches fell all at once when rain was least wanted. He was afraid the springs would begin to fail, and was much supported in his belief when Lady Carlton informed him that the spring at Babnall Hill, which had never

ceased running in a full stream since the memory of man, was quite dwindling away, and was lost in the sand before it had flowed a hundred yards.

"It is heart-breaking," said Lord Pennyroyal, "if hay keeps up. It is now nine pounds a ton. I shall sell all mine, and make Rosemary sell his hunters at Tattersall's. In these hard times no one can afford to hunt."

Then he turned to the wheat. "Yes, the wheats looked pretty well," when Lady Carlton remarked that a dry season was generally a good corn year. He was so doleful about the price of hay, she was forced to say this to comfort him. "Yes, wheats looked pretty well as yet; but who could tell if the heat would not shrivel up the ears and make it thrash out badly, and what was the good of wheat when the country was flooded with foreign grain?"

Of course, Lord Pennyroyal was a Tory—the house of Marjoram had ever been Tory. They came in with the Conquest; they were as good as the Plantagenets; their crest was a sprig of sweet-marjoram. They had escaped extinction in the Barons' Wars, and in the French and Scotch Wars, and in those of the Roses. Henry VII. fined, but could not ruin them. They had been Barons Rosemary by writ for centuries. In Henry VIII.'s time they became Earls of Pennyroyal by patent, receiving a large slice of abbey lands. They had stood by King Charles at Marston Moor, and been fined again. Since then they had been a saving family. They had done nothing but turn their money over as quickly as they could, and here was the Earl of Pennyroyal, a niggard, but still a Tory, and that was why he looked upon Protection to British Industry in the light of a palladium, and on Cobden as a dangerous monster, with his false principles, as Lord Pennyroyal called them, of Free Trade. That was why he was so sore on that question of foreign corn. If he could have had his way, he would have had Free Trade in nothing, not even in Ostend rabbits; and no doubt he rejoiced in his heart at the Budget of 1871, so far as the Match-Tax was concerned, though, no doubt, he hates the increased income-tax, and groans in spirit when he reckons—and you may be sure he has reckoned it to a penny—how much of his accumulated savings will have to be paid by Rosemary in succession duty whenever, by what is called "the devolution of property," the Pennyroyal estates pass to the next heir to the title.

Then, as to household expenses. Had Lady Carlton ever considered how fearfully they had increased of late years? He was not at all surprised that young men would not marry nowadays, the expense was so ruinous. Lady Pennyroyal was always wanting Rosemary to marry, but he always said he couldn't afford it. Fifty years ago, masters and mistresses were content with so little, and servants were so respectful, and never asked for rises in their wages. And now young people must have horses and carriages, and town-houses and country-houses and go to the sea, and rent a moor in Scotland, and fishing in Norway, and travelling in Germany and Italy and Switzerland. It was enough to drive fathers and mothers mad. So he went

on, inveighing against the extravagance of the age, as if the unhappy Rosemary had ever done one of those things, his only expense being his stud of hunters, which his father now proposed to put down, and which he really was obliged to keep for decency's sake. As for his marrying, it was also well known that Rosemary, who was now near forty, had several times been on the point of proposing to charming girls, only he was afraid to do it, as Lord Pennyroyal said he could not afford him a separate establishment. These very hunters were not even regularly paid for by Lord Pennyroyal. He thought it a very proper thing for his heir to hunt in Leicestershire, and to have a little house at Melton, only he disliked paying for those things, and, in fact, he never paid till his son sent him in what he called "a facer," that is, every five or six years an account of his debts, which were none of them disgraceful, and far below what many an heir of a tenth of Lord Pennyroyal's property might have contracted. And this account was usually accompanied by a respectful letter to his father, requesting pecuniary help. Nor, we hope, will our readers think it extraordinary when we tell them that, somehow or other, Lady Pennyroyal always knew of these periodical statements, and was ever ready to support Rosemary's petition to his father. The result was, there was a domestic altercation, in which Lady Pennyroyal might have been heard, had there been any listeners, observing, "Well! Rosemary"—she always called him Rosemary, because he had been only Rosemary when she had married him—"well! Rosemary, you must admit that our son has some expectations, and ought to live up to them." Then, driven into a corner, Lord Pennyroyal would retire to his study, unlock an iron safe, drag out a check-book with a spasmodic effort, as though he were tearing away his heart-strings, and finally, with his rueful countenance rendered still more rueful by the bitter deed, sign a check for ten thousand pounds, and so settle, once for all, an account which ought to have been paid at the rate of three thousand pounds a year as an allowance, and which, even in a lump, was a mere flea-bite to his balance at his banker's.

The conversation, therefore, of Lord Pennyroyal at that dinner on the 2d of June was any thing but cheerful. It was more like the croaking of a raven from a hollow tree in some parts of England, if any are left in which there are ravens to croak.

Florry Carlton talked to Harry, and Harry to Florry; and Edward talked to Alice, and Alice to Edward. A never-ending current of nothings passed between them, so sweet to lovers, or would-be lovers, and so uninteresting to every one else. What fun it had been under the oak! How strange the gypsy was! How queer Colonel Barker looked, and Mrs. Barker, floundering about in the rain as sleek and shining as seals! How queer Mr. Marjoram looked on horseback! When in the world had he ridden last? "When you come back to town shall you ride at one in the Row?" "May I ride with you?" "Certainly, if you like. Alice and I always ride. Why don't you ride always?" "Because I can't afford it." "That's like Lord Rose-

mary's marriage, always to be and never coming off, because he can't afford it." "How sad Lord Pennyroyal looks! how I wish I were his heir!" said Harry. "I'm sure I don't," said Florry, "he's no happier with all that money." "How do you like the looks of Mr. Sonderling?" said Edward to Alice. "Very much," said Alice; "when he smiles I think he's quite handsome. There! just see how his face lights up as he speaks to Florry." And so on for ever and ever, or till the ladies rose.

As for Miss Markham and Colonel Barker, Mrs. Barker might just as well have been jealous of her husband as Mrs. Marjoram of hers the night before. No one could have been more attentive to the dear little old maid than the gallant colonel. For her sake he recounted his Indian experiences; told of his arrival in India; his marriage with Mrs. Barker, the best woman in the world; of his campaign in Beloochistan, where the Fire-eaters made their famous march of forty miles a day across the Runs of Cutch; of the Sikh wars; of the siege of Mooltan; of the Bombay Ducks, that celebrated European regiment, of whom every man could drink a quart of rum a day, and fight a pitched battle if need were. Nay, he would even have told her of the Ram Chowdah, and his bill fort; only, just as he was going to begin, the ladies rose, and the colonel was literally left alone in his glory.

In fact, at that dinner things on the whole were smooth, though not very brilliant. There seemed to be no heart-burnings on the surface, though Amicia had hers in her bosom, and so had others of the party. The nearest approach to actual hostilities and altercation arose between Mrs. Marjoram and Mr. Rubrick; and really it was inexcusable in Lady Carlton to have paired them together.

"I thought, as they were both religious," said Lady Carlton to Florry after dinner, in justification, "they would agree very well together."

Florry did not say any thing to this, and accepted the justification, but we cannot and will not. Of all people in the world, religious people are least likely to agree with one another, except they are of the same religion, and, more, of the same sect in it. Put a Wesleyan and a Church-of-England man, a Scotch Episcopalian and a Free Kirker together, shut them up in a room for an hour, or even have them to dinner, and see if they will agree. They do not agree because they are religious, and that is, in fact, the very reason why they fight like cat and dog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ WALLACE

"EVERY Friday," it is stated, in a well-known guide-book for Egypt, "the howling dervishes perform, and every donkey-driver in Cairo knows the way to their convent." This statement strongly reminds me of the old anecdote of a man in Vienna, who was sent to find in the Spelgasse, No. 11, third story on the right, a watch-maker named Jonas. After several hours he returned, com-

plaining to his employer of the trouble he had been put to, to find the person. In the first place, the man did not live in the Sperligasse, but in the Lerchenfeld; not in No. 11, but in No. 318; not in the third story, but on the ground-floor; not on the right, but on the left; his name was not Jonas, but Schmidt, and he was not a watch-maker, but a midwife. So, the howling dervishes do not perform on every Friday, but only occasionally, on Thursdays, and during the whole of the Ramadan not at all; they have no convent, but a little chapel, which you enter through a wooden grating in an old garden-court; and not only is it not known to every donkey-boy in Cairo, but not one in all Cairo can find it! The aforesaid guide-book simply confounds the watch-maker Jonas with the midwife Schmidt, the howling dervishes with the dancing, and this is only one of the innumerable errors and misstatements with which this book (now altogether behind the times) abounds. For a whole week we had travelled, conducted by sundry skilful dragomans, up and down, all over Cairo, without finding any one, even among the inhabitants of the very quarter where they were, who could tell us where the howlers had their seat. Every guide could pilot us to the dancing dervishes; but their colleagues, spite of all our labor were concealed from us, till at last an accident put us on the right scent.

We entered a garden-like court, planted with palm and plane trees, and surrounded by ancient Roman columns.

The background was a wall painted with broad red and white stripes, the middle part of which retreated niche-like, and was cut off from the few European spectators by a wooden grating. The floor was covered with fine mats, and a simple lamp hung in the centre. The wall was partly covered with inscriptions from the Koran in Arabic letters.

Their conductor, if I can call him so, was kneeling in a praying-niche, surrounded by perhaps a dozen of his followers, squatting on their heels, who were chanting a prayer in a short, monotonous rhythm.

With the courtesy which distinguishes the Orientals, so greatly to their credit, they offered us seats and coffee, and a stately man with long hair and beard, and characteristic intelligent features, came toward us. He was the sheik of the howling dervishes, and we little anticipated that he was to play the chief part in the dismal drama that was so soon to be performed before us. He exhibited to us photographic portraits of himself and of his son, a vigorous ten-year-old boy. While we, through our companion, who was thoroughly versed in the Arabic language, were engaged in an easy conversation with the chief of the dervishes, the singing of the first part came to an end, and a new set of performers came upon the scene.

These were better clothed, and among them four boys of between ten and twelve years of age. The sheik, who had gone into the prayer-niche, after all had deeply and reverently bowed themselves before him, began in a slow tone the words "Lá iláha illa 'láh" ("There is no God but God"). This sentence was repeated hundreds and hundreds of times by them all, in ever more rapid tempo,

and resembled the Jewish religious exercises. The stress of tone lies strong and sharp on the syllables in which the accented *d* occurs, while the following syllables were long drawn out. The singing became constantly more rapid, and ever more shrieking, shrill, and penetrating, while single wild cries like "Hahu!" and "Ah!" were heard at intervals, so that at last the whole song of the company resembled a yelling scream of anguish, in the midst of which they suddenly, all at the same time, fell prostrate on the ground, which they kissed, and the second part of the ceremony was over.

We all expressed our amazement at the incredible endurance of the performers, little dreaming that what we had seen was only a brief, harmless prelude to the last part of the performance. It was not possible for me to get any reliable information as to the reasons and motive for this self-inflicted torment, for the Orientals are proverbially reserved in matters concerning their religion; but as these people weekly voluntarily undergo this inexpressible torture, taking no money for their performance, it must be a part of the highest grade of religious fanaticism.

Now the singers, in whom, notwithstanding their tremendous exertions, one could detect no signs of fatigue or exhaustion, divested themselves of their head-gear and of their upper garments, the former being a sort of knit cap or turban, like what the Doges of Venice used to wear, under which a long mane of flowing hair descended upon their shoulders. A flute was heard in shrill, plaintive tones, accompanied by the wild beating of tambourines and of drums. A monotonous melody of penetrating, doleful tones resounds shrilly through the hall. The singer distorts his face into an expression of the deepest sorrow, full of suffering, as if all the torments of the whole human race had been poured out upon his head alone. The rest of the company then set up a howl, so unnatural, so terrible beyond all description, that I can compare it only to the roaring of wild beasts or the scream of a locomotive. "Hi, hi, hi! Hu, hu, hu!" we heard between the inarticulate screams of these raving beasts, like the nerve-shattering screech of a great saw-mill—a sort of death-rattle of tortured human beings in insane combat with each other. Their bodies, as if moved by some invisible power, performed every possible motion; their wild manes hung round them like slimy snakes; with distorted gestures they touched the ground, the upper part of their bodies, like a machine, swayed up and down, as if it would separate from the limbs; the howl grew ever madder and wilder, and the writhing of their bodies increased, while, to the beating of the drums and the piercing shriek of the flutes, these fanatics reeled around with foaming mouths, as if they were insane or very drunk.

They looked to me like poisoned creatures, like men who have lost all hope, and are in the last stages of despair. Never in my life have I witnessed any thing more terrible than this act of divine worship. One black man, with staring glassy eyes, with white foam on his half-opened mouth, seemed as though he would break in two in the middle. Such cries as he uttered I hope never to hear again.

For more than an hour this mad witches' sabbath had lasted, and the maddest of the mad, the craziest of the crazy, the most delirious of the maniacs, was our friend the sheik. His movements had lost every appearance of any thing human; the sweat poured in streams from his distorted countenance and from the iron-gray curls of his long, flowing mane. His eyes seemed almost closed, yet he several times gave evidence that his senses were not wholly abstracted from the world around him. When, for instance, one of the self-tormentors seemed about to sink under the sufferings which he imposed upon himself, the sheik glided toward the sufferer, as if he were drawn along by a magnet, laid his hands softly upon him, opened his eyelids, and looked at him with an expression of the profoundest sorrow. The man rallied again, and in an instant, pervaded by some unseen influence and power, roused himself to proceed in his dismal business, and still swifter the palpitating figures swayed up and down, and still more shrilly screamed the flutes, accompanied by the unceasing roll of the drums and tambourines, and still more inconceivably wild grew the beast-like voices, like the howling of a hurricane, the roaring of enraged lions, or the distant muttering of a thunder-storm. With faces distorted with suffering, but with incredible exertions, the musicians also labored, body and soul. The howlers tore their clothes from their bodies, while the audible gasping of their tortured lungs, and the reeling, cramp-like motions, the tones emitted by most incomprehensible registers of voice, combined to make up a hideous mixture, which ended in a piercing scream of frightful dissonance.

Then, in a conversational tone, the master, suddenly calm again, spoke a few words to his followers, whereupon they reverently kissed his hands; and, before we left the garden, the whole company was engaged in quiet, easy conversation, and in listening to the teachings of the coffee-sipping sheik. I, however, overcome with excitement, hastened home, and could not rid myself of the horror that possessed me, until I had committed this description to paper.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

NIGHT.

"Good-night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow,
To these that shall not have good morrow;
Ye gods, be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, is there help in heaven? It may be
All things and lords of things shall cease."

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

AFTER Life's hot day, comes Death's long, cool night; whether of the two is pleasanter? Well, we shall know anon. Oh! patient friends, you have come with me so far, come with me yet a little farther. I will not keep you long. Already the shadows sketch

themselves; the faint-colored even cometh. Summer is here again—early summer, early June, as when first, O reader, you and I met and panted together through the "endless days," when even night brought not darkness. Down in England, the meadows have a lilac tinge over them, from the ripe, heavy-headed grasses, and the horse-chestnut flower's spikes have changed into little prickly green balls. But we are not in England, O reader, you and I; we are in Switzerland, in the high cold valley of Engadine.

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

We are at the end of our day's journey, have stiffly descended from the huge dusty carriage in which we have crampedly sat all the long and shining day. To-morrow we shall reach our final destination, Pontresina. Meanwhile here we are, up among the mountains, the torrents, the pines, at this loveliest village of Bergun. An hour has passed since our arrival, and we have dined, if you can apply that sacred word to the empty form of tapping with our knives a black-boned chicken's skeleton, and sipping a nauseous wine of the country, black as Tartarus, and with a flavor that is agreeably compounded of pills, slate-pencil, and ink. There is no denying—degrading as it is to the supremacy of mind over body—that a bad dinner has a depressing effect. Not one of us three but feels cross and empty. Sylvia tries to sit upon a hard-bottomed, straight-backed chair, as if it were one of her own padded easy ones, and fails. Lenore stalks to the window and looks over the balcony. I think that people grow after they are thought grown up, oftener than is usually supposed. Lenore has certainly grown within the last six months, or perhaps it is only her loss of flesh that gives her such a tall look. She used to have a good deal of the shapely solidity that constitutes a person's claim to be a fine woman—rather a butcher's term of commendation, at best—shapely she must always be, but *fine* she is no longer; only very slender and willowy. I pick up the visitors' book, read the dreary waggeries, the lame rhymes, the consequential commendations of bed and board. I come to the last entry:

"Mr. Tomkins, London.

"Mrs. Tomkins, "

"Miss Tomkins, "

"Miss L. Tomkins, "

"Mr. J. T. Tomkins, "

"Miss Harris. "

"Exceedingly pleased with the accommodation at this hotel—the attendance excellent, rooms most clean, and food better than at any other hotel in the Engadine."

I read this aloud.

"There is a prospect for us!"

"You are not serious?" cries Sylvia, starting upright in her chair, and opening eyes as round as marbles in unaffected dismay. "That is not *really* there! You are only joking!"

"Read for yourself," I answer, handing the book to her, while I joined our junior in the window. Well, one must send all appetite to one's eyes; there is at least plenty of

food for them. The pearly evening sky, cut by the cold lilac peaks; the mountains, that wear always round their waist and feet a girdle of great pines; a sombre array—rising, pointed top above pointed top, in their endless, fadeless green; the rough torrent-course, that furrows the hill's face, like the traces of a tearful agony; an evening glimmer of meadow-flowers; a flash of bright water. And right under us the little village street, the deep-roofed low houses, the tiny casements, out of which the lavish pinks and flowered picotees are hanging; the queer sententious inscription on the *chalet* nearest us:

"DAS HAUS STET IN GOTTES HAND.

JAN PEDER GRIGORI

BIN ICH GENAND."

And is not that Jan Peder himself, sitting outside, on a log of wood? He is old and withered, and very much the worse for wear.

Insensibly I begin to forget the void feeling that ruffled my temper five minutes ago, as I listen to the soothing drip, drip, of the two-spouted pump, that is always pouring into a wooden trough. The pump seems to be the rendezvous of the village; the leisurely chatter, in this odd mongrel Romansch tongue, rises soft and subdued to our ears. A tinkling of slow bells, as a herd of homely, smoke-colored cows come slowly treading down the street, and stoop their sleek necks to drink. If one could see the inside of these folks' lives no doubt one would find that they were as basely grovelling as those of our own lower orders—lives probably lightened only by garlic and beer; but looking now at the outside of them, on this quiet purple evening, it seems as if one had come upon a little sudden patch of old-world innocent Arcadia.

"I wish that Jan Peder Gregori would go in-doors," says Lenore, gravely; "it must be very bad for him, being out so late."

"There must be some one here besides us," I say, leaning over the balcony, and pointing to a second and smaller dusty carriage, drawn up behind our great lumbering ark.

"A man, too," says Lenore, with lazy interest, "if a portmanteau be a sufficient proof of masculinity."

"It is such a bran-new one, too," continue I, laughing, "that he must be either a just-married man, or a man just about to be married."

"Who was it said that a new flannel petticoat was an infallible sign of a bride?" asks Lenore, languidly. "Does the same hold good of men and portmanteaus? I wish we could see his initials, but the hat-box hides them."

"Now that I think of it," I say, meditatively, "I have a vision of having seen vestiges of food on that table in the corner; let us make Kolb find out who he is, for, by his luggage, I feel sure that he is an Englishman."

I am right. An Englishman he is, name unknown; he has come down from St. Moritz, and is on his homeward road; he is to set off at cock-crow to-morrow, and he went out walking only five minutes before our arrival. This is all the information we obtain,

all the good we get to keep alive our faint and flagging interest.

"Do you mean to stay fustily in-doors all evening?" asks Lenore, presently, with a yawn, "because I do not. I am sick of Jan Peder, and the pump, and the goats; I shall go and *explore*, like Mrs. Elton in 'Emma.'"

"Do not!" cry I, hastily, and dissuasively. "You know that going out when the dew is falling always brings on your cough."

"Pooh!" replies she, lightly. "What matter if it does? I am going to set up such a stock of strength at Pontresina that it would be a thousand pities not to be a little worse before I get there."

"At least put on your—" I begin, but she interrupts me.

"Did you ever know me to take advice in all your life?" she asks, with a petulant gesture. "I should not wonder if I met our unknown friend of the new portmanteau; I am not sure that I am not going to look for him. *Au revoir!*"

I gaze after her and sigh, with a line of "Elaine" running in my head:

"Being so very wilful, you must go."

CHAPTER II.

"There cannot be a pinch in death more sharp than this is."

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

AFTER all, she puts a shawl over her head; it is not a very thick one, but neither is the mountain air very keen on this softly-creeping summer night. It is red, and the old men and the women sitting in the doorways of the dark little houses stare at it admiringly. She passes among them quickly—past the rickety little wooden balconies, the piles of firewood, the numberless odd little casements, like windows in a doll's house—it is not *them* that she wants—till, at a sudden turn, the village is behind her, out of sight—the laughing, leisurely, chattering village—and the river that she sought is before her. A great, bold hill-shoulder rises in front of her against the dark night sky, and beside her the river boils and maddens along in riotous white play; it is so swift that the eye cannot follow it; it tosses high its cold spray, and cries exultingly, "O snow! I am as white as you." Nobody sees her—she is all alone; even the broad-faced moon has not yet looked in silver and pearl over the hill. When one is alone one does many foolish things. Lenore throws herself on her knees on a flat stone close to the brink—dashed, indeed, by the stream's stormy white dust—and speaks out loud to it:

"O good, kind little river! will you drown memory for me?—will you drown Paul?"

Lenore is not always thinking of Paul; sometimes for almost a day she forgets him; but, long as it is since he cast her off, and short as was the time during which she possessed him, the impulse still holds her, on seeing any beautiful thing, to say, "I will show it to Paul;" on hearing any witty thing, "I will tell it to Paul." Paul was a cross fellow, cruel and cold, as she sometimes tells her-

self; but he would have loved this mad river, biting and ravening with fierce foam-teeth against the dark boulders that lie in its bed, and crying violently to them, "Let me pass!" If he were here now, among the yellow trefail, his arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder!—they two standing, in dumb ecstasy, with only the larches waving their green plumes above their heads, and the water's endless restless roar, that ceases not day nor night, January nor June, making a loud hubbub at their feet—alone with the river, the mountains, and God! She can almost feel his arm: she turns her eyes to look up into his, but then the dream flies; there are no kind eyes to look into—there is no Paul—none!

She starts up hastily, and hurries on. The gorge narrows; there is only room for her and for the river—the panting fury of the stream. "O river! you take my breath away. Tarry a little; I cannot keep up with you!" But the river makes answer: "I cannot tarry; I have an errand unto the great gray sea." On and on, on and on she saunters, not heeding how far nor whither, until at length she comes to a slight hand-bridge of planks, that gives and vibrates beneath her. There she stands, and leans over the slender railing, gazing, with eyes that try in vain to keep up with it, at the swirling torrent. The evening is both darkening and lightening; darkening, for the sun is gone farther and farther away; lightening, for the moon is coming—yea, come. Already she has washed the hills' faces with her cool silver flood: now her pearl-white feet have reached—have lightly trodden on the water—the wonderful water! Can it be all the same—the same when it lies in opal sleep, and when it plunges against and angrily smites its drenched rocks? If one had but some one—some dear person—to show it all to!

After crossing the bridge the path she has hitherto followed takes a sharp turning round the spur of a hill, and is immediately lost to sight. As she stands, still leaning over the rickety hand-rail, and watching the moon-colored bubbles, she hears a footstep coming along this unseen path. It is growing late; the moon is rising high; this place is inconceivably lonely. Her first impulse is to turn and run homeward, but her second contradicts it. Why should she stir? Bah! it is probably some innocent rough peasant, clumping home to bed in his deep-eaved *chalet*. He will stare at her cloak, and probably give her a Romansch "good-night," to which she will be puzzled to respond; so she stays. Nearer and nearer comes the footstep, and her heart beats a trifle quicker than its wont. Her eyes are fixed on the corner which will give to view the owner of this slow and intermittent tread. Here he comes, out of the rock-shadow into the light! He is not a peasant! He is—surely, he is an Englishman! He is—Paul! O God in heaven! it cannot be! Men dress so much alike—there is such a deceptive resemblance between all the men of a class at a little distance. He comes a step or two nearer, then stops and looks upward. The moon shines down full and white on his upturned face—the honest, shrewd face, that

is neither gentle nor beautiful. She sees his cool calm eyes glitter in the moonbeams. He is carelessly dressed, without any necktie. His strong throat rises bare and muscular, and his hands are buried deep in the pockets of the old Dinan shooting-jacket. Do you think that she faints or topples over into the water, or screams or laughs hysterically, or calls out loud? Not she! She only stands still, with one slight hand hard grasping the hand-rail, and with a heart whose loud pulsations drown the voice of the triumphant foamy stream, waiting for her heaven to come to her. Has Death let her slip by him, having seen her bitter pain? Is she already in the blessed land? Paul is so busy moon-gazing that he is close to her—his foot is upon the plank—before he perceives her. Then he jumps almost out of his clothes—out of his Dinan shooting-jacket—out of his skin.

"LENORE!!!"

She could not have cried "Paul!" in answer if you had offered her all the kingdoms of the world as a bribe. He stoops his tall head till his eager face is close to hers; he stares hard into her eyes; he even stretches out his hand and touches her red cloak to assure himself that she is real. Yes, it is no ghost-woman; it is a real Lenore, with a face much paler, indeed, than the Lenore he remembers—a face grave with the gravity of intense emotion, touched with the trouble of overpowering wonder—that is looking back at him with wide and lovely eyes.

"Great Heaven! who would have thought of seeing you here?"

In the accents of intense surprise it is difficult to ascertain the presence or absence of joy or sorrow. One would be puzzled to say whether Paul was very glad or very grieved at this meeting at the world's end with his old love.

"Lenore!—is it Lenore?" (again narrowly scanning her white and quivering face). "How, in the name of wonder, did you come here?"

It is stupid to be so tongueless, is not it? standing dumb, with hanging head, like a child playing at being shy. But she seems to have lost the art of framing words.

"Will you not speak to me?" he continues, with an eager hesitation, mistaking the cause of her speechlessness; "will you not shake hands with me?"

She puts out her hand in a moment: does he feel how it is shaking as it lies in his cool clasp?

"You—you—are not alone here?" (involuntarily glancing at her left hand). "You are with—with—"

"No, I am not alone," she answers, speaking every word very slowly and carefully, as if not quite sure whether the right words would come; "Jemima and Sylvia—"

"Jemima!" he says, pronouncing the word, with a lingering emphasis, as if it carried him back with memory, and smiling rather pensively.

Both are silent for a few moments—only two voices are heard: the river's loud hoarse one, as it keeps calling always to the rocks and the dumb green pines, and the grasshopper's, sharp and shrill—and infinitely content. If it could but last forever! They two

standing on that narrow bridge, on a sheet of silver, the river—all silver, too—tearing and roaring below them; the larches softly tossing their small green feathers; the un-sleeping grasshopper singing his pleasant song; and they two looking kindly into each other's eyes. But when could one ever say to any happy moment, as Joshua said to the docile sun, "Stand thou still?" He will not stand still; he could not if he would; he is jostled away by his pushing younger brothers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

THE subject of the accompanying illustration is one of the most conspicuous and well known of the many objects of historic and literary celebrity which arrest the traveller wandering along the shores of the beautiful Lake of Geneva. There are probably more associations of the highest interest, to the intellectually cultivated and educated mind, connected with this castle and its surrounding scenery than with any other spot of like extent in Europe. Where can we, simultaneously as here, find places hallowed by the resort of all that is most distinguished for philosophy and genius, the most diversified and pleasing charms of landscape, and the scenes of many of the most important events in the history of religion and liberty?

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground." Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Madame de Staël, and Kemble, the actor, all lived and died within sight of the walls of this ancient fortress, and sanctified it by mention either in their works or correspondence. Rousseau lays the catastrophe of his "Nouvelle Héloïse" beneath its walls, placing in this part of the lake the scene of the rescue from drowning by Julie of one of her children, a casualty which, from the shock it produces on her mind and from the effects of the immersion on her system, ultimately causes her death. It was, however, reserved to the genius of Lord Byron to confer on Chillon the boon of immortality by laying within its walls the scene of a poem which, although short, certainly equals, and perhaps surpasses, any thing he ever wrote, with the exception of his great masterpieces of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan." "The Prisoner of Chillon" is a poem of the highest rank, whether we regard the brilliancy and ease of the versification or the striking boldness and originality of the imagery employed. Not the least of its merits is the entire absence of those descriptions and analyses of the author's own idiosyncrasy, which, however powerful and tender, are rather too frequently repeated in the majority of his works. We probably owe the existence of this little gem of poetry to a fortunate thunder-storm which detained Lord Byron for two days in a wretched little inn, the Ancre, in the hamlet of Ouchy. In this short space of time the poem was completed, a wonderful feat when we consider the exquisite polish and elegance of its execution. This little inn still exists, and thus "adds one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the lake."

Chillon, as every one knows, is situated on the Lake of Geneva, one of the most beautiful of European lakes; for, though it does not possess the gloomy grandeur of the Lake of Uri bounded by its sable rocks, nor the sunny softness of the Italian lakes lying amid their olive and citron groves, yet the variety of its scenery, ranging from the vine-clad slopes of the Pays de Vaud to the abrupt, rocky precipices of Savoy, with Mont Blanc far away in the distance, glowing in the sunset with every delicate tint, may appear to give it some grounds for meriting the

which, among others, many of the earlier Reformers were immured. Fenimore Cooper, in his travels in Switzerland, thus describes its exterior aspect, all he saw of it, as he had not time to visit it:

"The exterior of the Castle of Chillon is rude but exceedingly quaint; the building stands on some rocks that project from the shore, and is almost surrounded by water, a single, low, sandy spit, athwart which a short, narrow bridge has been built connecting it with the mountain."

It is, in fact, situated on an isolated rock,

of justice or humanity. The "oubliettes," or dungeons, the "pits" of old English castles, are far below the level of the waters of the lake, and can only be communicated with by means of a trap-door, through which the prisoner was let down.

The castle is now used as an arsenal and store-room, and visitors are freely shown all over it, with the exception of the chapel, which is of a very early date and of extremely curious construction, but, being employed as a powder-magazine, is not open to the public. Bonnivard's cell is pointed out; it is an airy



CHILLON.

prond distinction conferred upon it by Voltaire, who pronounced it the first of lakes. It was the Lacus Lemannus of the Romans, hence its poetic name of Lake Lemman:

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains
view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their far height and hue."

It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being fifty-five miles long by six broad, and its greatest depth is nine hundred feet. The fortress of Chillon was constructed by Amadeus IV., Count of Savoy, in 1238, for the purpose of consolidating his Swiss possessions, and of holding the town of Geneva in check. It served also frequently as a state-prison, in

usually encompassed by water, so as to communicate with the main-land only by the bridge above mentioned; but, as the lake is subject to great variations in the level of its surface, being much higher in July and August, owing to the melting of the mountain-snows, a narrow, sandy spit, as mentioned by Cooper, is sometimes visible.

The interior is melancholy and sombre, differing but little in its internal arrangements from the usual style of castles of that age; its torture-room and its hall of justice, in close proximity, leave one under a terribly-suggestive impression that its period of glory was in that iron age when might was right, and when the dictates of avarice, superstition, or revenge, were more heeded than the appeals

and spacious apartment, consisting of two aisles, almost in the form of a church. Its floor and one of its walls are formed of living rock, and it is lighted by a solitary and strongly-grated window. Attached to one of the pillars which support the roof is a chain, by which, according to tradition, Bonnivard was fastened to the pillar; his steps have left their traces in the pavement of the vault. This last circumstance Lord Byron, in his sonnet to Bonnivard, has made use of in the following beautiful lines:

"Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard; may none the marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

Upon this pillar Lord Byron, at the period of his visit, inscribed his name, with his own hand. "The Prisoner of Chillon," however, is entirely an imaginary tale. Lord Byron when he wrote it was not acquainted with the history of Bonnavard, or, as he says himself in his preface, he would have endeavored "to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and virtues."

Bonnivard's real history is briefly as follows: He was son to Louis de Bonnavard, Seigneur de Lunes, a native of Seyssel, in Piedmont. He was born in 1496, and educated at Turin. In 1510 his uncle presented him to the Priory of St. Victor, a living of considerable value, adjoining the walls of Geneva. At an early period of his life he incurred the enmity of the Duke of Savoy by boldly defending the liberties of his adopted country, the city of Geneva, against that sovereign's encroachments. He also warmly espoused the cause of the Reformed religion. In the preface to his history of Geneva, he says that, as soon as he commenced to study the history of nations, he felt himself carried away by his love for republics, the interests of which he always advocated. Charles V., Duke of Savoy, having surprised Geneva in 1519 and established a garrison in it, Bonnavard, who feared his animosity, fled, but was betrayed by some of his companions and delivered up to the duke, who had him confined for two years in the Castle of Grolée. After his liberation, his continued efforts to restore the freedom of Geneva still further inflamed the anger of the duke. While making a journey, in the year 1530, he was captured by some banditti, who, after robbing him, delivered him up to the duke, in expectation of a reward. Bonnavard was now immured in the Castle of Chillon, where he was treated with great rigor, and his request to be brought to a trial denied him. He remained in fetters for six years, when the men of Berne, called upon for aid by the citizens of Geneva, marched into the Pays de Vaud with an army of seven thousand men, and in a short time expelled the Savoyard troops from the entire district.

Chillon was besieged by the Bernese, by land and by water, with a fleet of galleys from Geneva, and, after a protracted defence, capitulated, when Bonnavard was released. For six years he had known nothing of the state of his country, and he must have been surprised and delighted at the changes Time had brought about. He left it suffering under the yoke of a foreign and oppressive despotism and of the Church of Rome; he found it, on his return, reformed in its religion and republican in its institutions. It is pleasing to know that, in his case at least, the familiar adage, imputing ingratitude to republics, was not realized. Honors and pensions were bestowed on him, and he lived to a good old age, in peace and comfort, esteemed by all, and nobly endeavoring, by his influence and advice, to soften the rigorous measures the Calvinist Church was too prone to adopt toward his ancient enemies, the Roman Catholics. He also acquired claims to the gratitude of Geneva by his solicitude for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, the propagation of which he assisted in every way. He enriched the

library of the city by a valuable donation of manuscripts, and presented to it his own collection of books. He also appointed the republic his heir, on condition that it should devote the proceeds of his estate to founding a public college. The precise year of his death cannot be ascertained, but it occurred in 1570 or 1571.

Lord Byron is mistaken when he says:

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below,
The massy waters meet and flow;
Thus far the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

The depth of the water immediately around the fort is only two hundred and eighty feet. The snow-white walls, however, are very remarkable, and are due to the color of the stone used and to the purity of the air, which has not in any degree blackened them, an effect of the climate observable in ancient buildings throughout Italy and Greece. The little isle alluded to in the poem lies between the entrances of the Rhone and Ville-neuve, and is the only island in the lake. It has a few trees upon it, and presents an effective feature in the view from the castle-walls, which is very extensive. The artist has introduced into our picture one of the thunder-storms so frequent in Alpine regions. The clouds are just clearing away toward the Alps, and form a striking background to the white walls of the fortress. On the water is one of the lateen-rigged vessels so common on the Swiss and Italian lakes. The view is taken from the railroad which runs from Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, to Vevay, and passes within a hundred yards of the castle.

PERISHED.

IT was only the same sad tale,
In words that were broken and low;
Whispered, between a sob and a wail,
By a woman, in pitiful woe.

She lived; she had loved and lost;
It was all in a few years' span;
Ah! little they knew at what bitter cost,
For her idol had proved but man.

She had once been a happy bride,
And he seemed to worship her then;
Time passed—in coldness he turned aside,
So 'twas ever the way with men.

Then I gazed on her pale, worn face,
And looked in her deep, sad eyes,
Where pain and passion had left a trace,
Telling more than her bitter sighs.

A corpse, in its shroud and pall;
Her youth, with its faith and trust;
Blighted, and withered, and perished; and all
Turning to ashes and dust.

"Dead—dead!" was her plaintive moan—
Heap the heavy, cold sods above
A coffin that holds, not a man alone,
But a woman's dead dream of love.

ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

THE THERMOMETER AND ITS USES.

SOME one has said that no family should be without these four things—a thermometer, a barometer, a microscope, and a telescope.

However this may be, we are convinced that the possession of the first of these instruments—the thermometer—is much more common than its intelligent use. When life has to be conducted on such artificial plans, as in these days, no one can afford to forego the advantage to be gained from the accurate information given by this admirable instrument.

In its simplest form, the thermometer is an exhausted tube of glass, hermetically sealed at both ends, containing fluid, and having attached to it a graduated scale. The fluid commonly used is mercury, which is especially adapted to this purpose because its rate of expansion is nearly uniform.

By the thermometer, science, taking advantage of the fact that heat is but a form of motion, has been enabled to express its exact degree in mathematical terms.

The graduation of the thermometer is effected by plunging the bulb of the instrument, first, into finely-powdered, melting ice, and, second, into the steam given off directly from boiling water at sea-level. The point at which the mercurial column stands in each case is marked on the stem. The former is called the *freezing* and the latter the *boiling* point. The space between the freezing and boiling points is divided into equal parts, called degrees.

In the *Centigrade* scale, which is the one in most general use in Europe and among scientific men, the number of degrees between the freezing and boiling points is one hundred. The freezing is also called the *zero* point, designated 0°, and the boiling point is designated 100°. In the Centigrade, all temperatures colder than freezing are reckoned as so many degrees below zero, and the numbers expressing degrees are written with — (the minus sign) prefixed.

In the *Fahrenheit* scale, the space between the freezing and boiling points is divided into one hundred and eighty degrees. In this scale, however, the zero is not placed at the freezing-point, but thirty-two Fahrenheit degrees lower. Consequently, 32° Fahr. corresponds to 0° C., or the freezing-point. In the Fahrenheit scale, therefore, the number of degrees between zero and the boiling-point is 180 + 32 = 212. The proportion between the number of degrees in the Fahrenheit and Centigrade scale respectively is such that five degrees in the Centigrade scale equal nine degrees in the Fahrenheit scale. Such will be seen to be the case on reference to the diagram.

In the choice of a thermometer there are several points to be considered. In the first place, as the public is still divided between the Fahrenheit and the Centigrade scales, it is a great desideratum in a thermometer that it should be provided with both scales. Thus,

at a glance, you can read the temperature in either scale without being obliged to resort to a mathematical calculation to transfer the number from one scale to the other.

2. If your thermometer is for the observation of only the ordinary atmospheric temperatures, do not have the range of its scale uselessly long. A range from -40° F. (-40° C. is the same)—the point at which mercury freezes—to 180° F. would be ample. If you desire to go into the observation of temperatures above the last-mentioned point, you can well afford to have an instrument made specially for the purpose; and, if lower than -40° , you will, of course, need a spirit-thermometer.

3. In order that the degrees and fractions of a degree may be easily legible, it is necessary that the thermometer should have an "open scale," as the instrument-makers say, i. e., that the length of a degree should be relatively great.

For a scale of the range we have proposed twelve inches would be a desirable length. Thus you could with ease read temperatures to the half, or even the fourth, of a degree Fahrenheit.

4. The frame of your thermometer should not be of wood, but of tin, or some metal equally durable. Wood is liable to warp and split, and will not well bear immersion in water or exposure to the weather.

5. You should be cautioned against getting a thermometer that is enclosed in a tight case, and has a glass face in front of it, as some have. This construction very much impairs the sensitiveness of the instrument; for the enclosed body of air, being a poor conductor, acts as a blanket, and greatly delays the response of the instrument to any change in the temperature of the atmosphere.

The first and by far the most important use to which you can put your thermometer is to inform you about the regulation of your indoor temperature. For this purpose you should keep the instrument in plain sight in the room where you read, study, or work.

Do not hide it in some corner, but let it be fixed to the wall near at hand, that your eye may often rest upon it and receive its lesson.

The best height for a thermometer to be fastened at is about four or five feet above the floor. At this height it will best guide you in modifying the temperature of the air that surrounds your head. This stratum of air is of special importance, as from it the lungs get their supply.

To receive the benefit of your thermometer, consult it frequently, as the engineer looks at the steam-gauge of his engine.

It would be well to look at it when you enter your room, to learn whether the place is warm enough, or too warm, and needs cooling.

It would be impossible for any one to fix upon an indoor temperature which would satisfy the demands of comfort the year round. A temperature which would seem pleasant in the freezing weather of December or January would seem chilly in July or August, and one that would be comfortable to sit in in summer would be stifling and

oppressive in mid-winter. But, if the winter temperature of the house is kept at from 63° F. to 68° F., and the summer temperature at from 70° F. to 75° F., the great majority of people will be suited.

After regulating the temperature within the house, it is often desirable to know how the mercury stands out-of-doors. For this you will find it convenient to have a second thermometer, which should be fastened at some convenient place where the sun's rays will not directly influence it, and where it will not be greatly exposed to the wind. We would not advise you to go into the observation of temperatures with the system and persistency of the old gentleman whose enthusiasm often turned him out of his warm bed at midnight to note the temperature. Fortunately, such individual devotion as this to thermometrical science is rendered quite superfluous by the very complete government system, which daily reports to headquarters at Washington the results of meteorological observations made in concert over the whole country.

We cannot, however, too highly commend the example of the lady of our acquaintance who proportions the warmth of her winter wrappings to the outside temperature. Before going out, she does not ask her husband that vague question, "Is it cold?" but she puts to the thermometer that hangs outside her window the sensible question, "How cold is it?" and dresses herself in accordance with its indications.

Now, we do not propose to lay down a system of rules telling our readers how to dress for the different heights of the mercurial column. Experience will prove the best guide in this matter.

No one need fear lest by this frequent reference to the thermometer he shall develop a morbid sensitiveness. There is no more danger of this than there is that the carpenter, by frequent use of his ruler or measuring-pole, will cultivate to a morbid degree his sense of dimension.

The truth is quite the opposite of this fancied danger. None are so liable to morbidness and delusion in regard to this matter as those whose judgments are untrained. The sense by which we judge of temperature, like any other, needs cultivation in order to be reliable. When exercised under the correction of the unerring thermometer, this valuable sense, or faculty, is capable of attaining an accuracy and truthfulness that are surprising.

There is a use to which the thermometer should be much oftener applied than it is. We mean to the right tempering of baths.

As regards temperature, baths may be divided into two classes—viz., those that are above, and those that are below, the natural temperature of the body.

The testing of this temperature should not be trusted to the sensations, but should be referred to the thermometer itself.

We will state that, in general, a bath of a higher temperature than 99° F. will act as a stimulant, and one of a lower temperature will act as a sedative.

Many qualifications, however, would be

necessary to the proper limitation of this statement.

One of the latest uses of the thermometer is found in its application to the human body. The temperature of the human being in health is found to vary but little from 99° F. But in disease the temperature of the body often varies considerably above or below this point. So typical are these variations in certain diseases that medical science has availed itself of the indications of the thermometer as a means of exact diagnosis and prognosis in these affections.

N. B. EMMERSON.

A LATE SNOW.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN A. HOWS.

A WHIRL of blinding snow
Sifted among the trees;
And birds that come and go,
Like brown leaves in the breeze.

Save swinging boughs that gride
High in the fitful blast,
All silence, far and wide,
Where now my steps are cast.

Where late the diamond rill
Danced in the yellow sun;
Where late the blue-bird's trill
Foretold the fair days won—

Daggers of ice appear,
Keen, menacing, and bold:
Can sunny days be near,
Ye skies so dim and cold!

Our hearts are sad and sore
With waiting their return;
When shall the gold once more
Amid these bleak ways burn?

Came, softly breathed to me,
The snow-drop's mute reply:
"Though dark thy days may be,
Sad heart, nor doubt, nor sigh!

"Under the silent snow
Our tiny blooms we hide;
And storms may come and go,
In trust we here abide!"

Then spake the crocus, too,
Flashing amid the snow
Its blooms of glorious hue:
"Bright days will come, we know!"

"Though dark may be the hour,
And fiercely beat the wind,
Some joy," so spake each flower,
"The trusting heart may find!"

Sweet blossoms! in my breast
Your lesson I will keep;
Amid the storm's unrest
Our dearest joys may sleep.

O heart, no longer sad,
How bright would be Life's hours,
If mortals always had
The simple faith of flowers!

GEORGE COOPER.



A LATE SNOW.—See POEM, Page 351.

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE lives of poets are seldom of interest to the world. There have been poets, of course, who have interested the world deeply. Such a one was Dante, who played an important part in the civil conflicts between the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and Milton, who was the power behind Cromwell and Parliament, in their struggles against Charles II., carrying both bravely—

"Through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude;"

and Byron, that strange, turbulent spirit, who, in fighting his own battle against his countrymen, fought their battle against the social conditions which oppressed them, and the battle of man against his masters the world over. These were men of action, as well as thinkers, and, had they not been poets, would still have been remembered as soldiers, statesmen, reformers. Not so the majority of their tuneful brethren. Tasso, and Ariosto, and Petrarch, were singers merely, while Shakespeare, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, and Wordsworth, were nothing if not poetical. If Tennyson is any thing but a poet, I have yet to hear of it. He has lived sixty years and upward, but so little is known about him that his life might be dispatched in a paragraph. He must have had his share of joy and sorrow; without doubt his heart has bled, and his soul suffered keenly; but the world has been ignorant of it all. Never in the glare of publicity, like Byron, but as safe in his privacy

as poor Cowper, his life has been his own, and the best of it, I conceive, is in his poetry. At any rate it is through this poetry alone that he has chosen to be known among us, and we must be content with this, and the little we have been able to learn concerning him.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born in 1810, at Somerby, Lincolnshire, a little village lying about midway between the market-towns of Spilsby and Horncastle, and containing less than one hundred inhabitants. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was Rector of Somerby and the adjacent parish of Enderby. He is said by William Howitt to have been a

man of various talents, something of a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician, as well as a linguist and a mathematician. Dr. Tennyson, who was an elder son, was a descendant of the ancient Norman family of D'Eyencourt, and one of his brothers, the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyencourt was in Parliament. Alfred was the third of a family of twelve or thirteen children. They were as remarkable as the Brontë children, these aristocratic young Tennysons, for they wrote stories and poems from their earliest years. Indeed, the parsonage of Somerby was as literary as the parsonage of Haworth; and,

the young Tennysons no account has reached me. That Alfred and Frederick were good classical scholars is certain; the classical element predominates in many of Alfred's best poems, while Frederick is known to have taken the medal for a Greek poem. This was in 1827. Two years later Alfred received the chancellor's medal for an English poem entitled "Timbuctoo." It is in blank verse, and, though it is somewhat obscure, it contains two or three good passages, mostly in the shape of description. That a poet wrote it is evident; but it is equally evident that the poet was merely feeling his way in it. It

is imitative, and it is original. What it most reminds me of is Shelley's "Alastor," with glimpses here and there of Wordsworth; what constitutes its originality is a certain individuality of expression, borrowed from neither of these poets, but suggested, perhaps, by Keats. "Timbuctoo" was published, and, strange to say, praised.

The year before, however, viz., in 1828, Charles and Alfred had published a small volume of their poetical effusions at Louth. It was entitled "Poems, by Two Brothers;" but the names of the brothers were withheld from their scanty public. Being scholars, they selected as the motto to their volume a line from Martial, "*Hæc nos novemus nihil*" ("We know this to be nothing"). Young poets are not usually credited with self-knowledge, but Charles and Alfred were an exception to the rule, for they set the proper value on their verses. What these were may be inferred from some of their titles: "Lines to Memory," "The Exile's Harp," "Remorse," "We meet



ALFRED TENNYSON.

what is curious, it finally gave to the world the same number of writers—three—only one of whom was really great. There is a view of the parsonage of Somerby in Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the Poets," but the drawing is too rude to give one any definite idea of it.

When he was seven, Alfred was sent to the grammar-school of Louth, in the same county, where he remained two years. Then he returned to Somerby, and was educated by his father, until he was placed, with his brothers, Charles and Frederick, in Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the college-life of

no more, "To Fancy," "Midnight," "Friendship," "On Sublimity," "Time, an Ode," etc. The two brothers shared the literary enthusiasm of the period in regard to the Greeks, an enthusiasm which was mainly owing to the genius of Byron; they wrote on "Greece," and "On the Death of Lord Byron," lines from whose poems are scattered over their pages as mottoes. It was not in the nature of things that this juvenile venture should attract much attention, but a copy of it came under the eye of Coleridge, who preferred Charles's share of it to that of Alfred, a judgment in which Wordsworth also concurred, as

he told Mr. Emerson some twenty years later. He had thought the elder brother of Tennyson, he said, the better poet at first, but he must now reckon Alfred the true one. The literary partnership of the brothers ended with the publication of their joint volume, for the next time that each appeared in print, it was on his own account. Charles published a thin volume of sonnets, in 1831, and was not heard of again as a poet until about ten years ago, when he reissued this volume, with a few additions of later date. In 1835 he became Vicar of Grassey, Lincolnshire, and about the same time, by the death of his grandfather, he succeeded to some property, and assumed the name of Charles Turner, by which, with the prefix of Reverend, he is now known.

The twentieth year of Alfred Tennyson's life was an important epoch to him, and, as we have since discovered, an important epoch in the history of English Poetry. In that year, 1830, he published "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It was a small volume, but it contained great things, and the promise of things still greater. The readers of Tennyson have long known what it is, or, rather, what about one-half of it is, for the whole has never been reprinted by the poet. The suppressed portion may be found, however, in the complete edition of "Tennyson's Poetical Works," published by the Harpers, and is well worth reading—once. That a new poet had appeared in "Poems, chiefly Lyrical" was evident to the best judges of poetry; but precisely what he was, and was likely to be, they could not quite determine. Coleridge saw the volume, as he had seen "Poems, by Two Brothers," and expressed himself concerning the writer in his *Table-talk*: "In the present age it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favorable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Mr. Tennyson's sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellences of those of Wordsworth and Southey." That Coleridge should only have singled out the sonnets of Tennyson as worthy of his qualified praise, is curious, in view of the fact that they were the worst things in the volume. He did not seem to feel "the power of doing something new," which was manifested in the series of poems in praise of women: "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," and the like, and in "Mariana," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Deserted House," "The Dying Swan," "The Ballad of Oriana," and "The Merman," and "The Mermaid." The poems were not only new of their kind, but most of them were of a new kind. Poets by the score had sung of women before Tennyson was born, but never one like him. His heroines belong to a new creation. With little or no flesh and blood about them, they are all

"too good
For human nature's daily food;"

but how charming and lovely they are! They are as beautiful as the poetic abstractions of Spenser, the most ethereal of English poets.

There are better things in the volume, however, than these ideal portraits, in which there is a strong family likeness. There is "Mariana," a wonderful realization of one of Shakespeare's minor characters; and there is "A Dirge," and the two songs to "The Owl," which show a familiarity with the lyrical poets of Shakespeare's time, and considerable talent at reproducing their shadowy effects. There is the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," a boy's poem, steeped in rich colors and delicious odors, and interpenetrated with the spirit of the East. There is "Oriana," that strange Norland wail, which might have dropped from the lips of some old viking; and there is the "Merman," and "Mermaid," those fantastic, but homely ditties, which seem to have sung themselves into life out of the heart of some credulous sailor-boy. Immature and faulty, but delicate and imaginative, no English poet ever published so notable a first volume as "Poems, chiefly Lyrical."

Two years elapsed, and the young poet had another volume ready. It was made up of selections from his first volume, altered and enlarged, to which were added upward of forty new poems. The difference between these poems and those which preceded them was as great, if not greater, than the difference between Byron's "English Bards" and the first canto of "Childe Harold," which were separated from each other by about the same space of time. I can recall no poetic growth so rapid as that of Tennyson among the English poets, unless it be that of Chatterton, which was so rapid as to augur ill for its maturity. We can trace the course of Tennyson's studies, during this interval, by running over the titles of his poems. He studied the old romance of "Prince Arthur," as handed down to us by Caxton, in the prose version of Sir Thomas Malory; he studied the Greek pastoral poets, particularly Theocritus, and the Homer of the "Odyssey;" and he studied, among the early English poets, Chaucer. But he did better than this, for he followed the advice of Sidney, and looked into his heart and wrote. His first tournament in the Arthurian field brought him but a moderate share of honors. True, "The Lady of Shalott" is a pretty poem; but wait and see what he can do with the same theme in after-years. See what he has done already in "Enone" and "The Lotus Eaters." They are in the purest style of Greek art, and are incomparably fine. "The Palace of Art" shows a wider range of thought and experience, but its art is Gothic, and not of the highest order. "Eleanore" and "Margaret" are more perfect specimens of his skill as a painter of feminine nature than any of their sisters, but they are not real women. The "Miller's Daughter" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" are, and if they were not drawn from actual life, they might well have been. The poet has closed his books, and betaken himself to the study of life. His art has become English now, or as near English as the art of so thoroughly an Italian nature is ever likely to be. From our own knowledge we can substantiate his truth in "The Miller's Daughter" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Burns himself could not have written the last, bitter as was his plebeian hatred of

aristocracy in the latter years of his life. A biographical interest attaches to some of these poems, from one of which, the lines "To J. S.," we learn that the poet's father had died about the time when his first volume appeared.

"He will not smile—not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before me. That was he
Without whose life I had not been."

We also learn that the poet had it in his mind to travel:

"Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."

The measure of the stanza just quoted, which occurs three times in Tennyson's second volume, is one which he will soon begin to cultivate carefully. It is not original with him, although he has done more with it, and written it more largely, than any other poet; but he was the first by whom it was used after Ben Jonson discovered it, in his "Underwoods," about two hundred years before him. Coleridge laid his critical finger on the weak point in Tennyson's volume, and expressed himself as follows, in April, 1833: "I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent me; but I think there are some things of a great deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres, without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes for success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed, without it he can never be a poet in act—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. He would, probably, thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses."

It was ten years before Tennyson was ready with another volume. With the exception of a few trifling verses in the annuals, he published nothing during this time; but he was laboriously perfecting himself in his art. He wrote a poem of some length, entitled "A Lover's Tale," but suppressed it after it was in print. A portion of it saw the light in 1836 or '37, in a volume of miscellanies, published for the benefit of a distressed man of letters, whose name has escaped me; and it is almost identical with a section of "Maud," which I take to be "A Lover's Tale" rewritten and enlarged—I wish I could add matured. One experience which Tennyson had suffered weighed upon his heart. It was the death of his fellow-student and bosom-friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the historian, who died in Germany in 1833. More than a brother to the poet, whose sister he was to have married, Hallam was mourned as few have been mourned, and by one who was

to immortalize his memory. "Melodious tears" were shed over his grave, but the world knew nothing of it, for the poet who wept was an artist with greater aims and ends than sorrow could supply or satisfy.

In 1842, Tennyson published his third collection, reprinting at the same time the substance of his earlier collections, the whole forming two substantial volumes, which placed him at once where he belonged—at the head of living English poets. There was no longer any doubt, and no one disputed his genius—no one, that is, except Bulwer, whose intellectual portrait he had sketched in "A Character," in his first volume, and who nursed his resentment until he published "The New Timon," when he was so unwise as to indulge in a personal fling at "Miss Alfred." Tennyson retorted in *Punch*, over the signature of "Alcibiades," and made an effectual end of his scorner:

"A Timon, you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! O! and let him rest."

No poet, young or old, ever published so beautiful a collection of poems as Tennyson's third volume. One has only to run over its contents to see the abundance, as well as the diversity, of the poet's wealth. It is fitly characterized by the line of Marlowe:

"Infinite riches in a little room."

At the beginning, we are transported back to the reign of King Arthur. We are present at his death and departure in the mysterious barge, surrounded by weeping queens, who bear him away—

"To the island valley of Avilion."

We see Launcelot and Guinevere, as they flee through sun and shade, in the boyhood of the year. We see Galahad, as he rides on and on, in stainless purity of heart, looking for the Holy Grail; and we see one worthy of his love. It is Agnes, his soul's sister, praying at midnight in her snow-covered convent:

"Make Thou my spirit pure and clear,
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year,
That in my bosom lies."

Turning the leaves backward and forward, we contrast "St. Simeon Stylites" with "Ulysses," and are struck by the difference between early Christian and old Greek art—one grim and monstrous in its mortal contortions, the other perfect in its divine repose. Two Englands are before us in "Godiva" and "The Talking Oak"—the rough old England of turbulent barons and earls, and the polished, aristocratic England of to-day. If we prefer the latter—as who does not?—we can study it, at our leisure, in that most delightful of idylls, "The Gardener's Daughter," in "The Lord of Burleigh," and in "Locksley Hall;" and, under a different aspect, in "Dora," "Audley Court," and "Walking to the Mail"—three little Flemish pictures, which we like, or dislike, according to our taste. But no matter what our tastes—provided we have any—we are certain to find something to like in this wonderful volume.

Thirty years have passed since the publication of the two volumes of which we have spoken, and the impression which the young

poet made has deepened with every year. Not that each volume which he has since published has always been better than the one before it—that would be too much to expect from any poet—but that no volume has been unworthy of his genius. He has never written a careless line, and never published a poem which was not as good as he could make it. He has not always written in a happy vein, but he has always written like a poet, so much so that when he has comparatively failed, he has still succeeded beyond all the poets of his day; his chaff, like the king's, is better than other people's grain. It is easy to trace his studies and his tastes in his writings, but his own history evades us. He has been largely written about by those who appear to know him, but they have somehow omitted to tell us anything about him. He figures in "A New Spirit of the Age," a contemporaneous volume, edited by R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," and published in 1844, but the eighteen or twenty pages devoted to him are entirely taken up with criticism; as regards facts, the critic is in the condition of Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder:"

"Story, Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Here is the gist of what he has to say of the man Tennyson: "He has brothers and sisters living, who are all possessed of superior attainments. Avoiding general society, he would prefer to sit up all night talking with a friend, or else to sit 'and think alone.' Beyond a very small circle he is never to be met. There is nothing eventful in his biography, of a kind which would interest the public; and, wishing to respect the retirement he unaffectedly desires, we close the present paper." Three years later, William Howitt published two bulky volumes on "Homes and Haunts of the Poets," and all that so inveterate a book-maker as he could learn about Tennyson scarcely occupies a paragraph: "I believe he has spent some years in London, and he may be traced to Hastings, Eastbourne, Cheltenham, the Isle of Wight, and the like places. It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fireplace, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced toward the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world. Wherever he is, however, in some still nook of enormous London, or the stiller one of some far-off sea-side hamlet, he is pondering a lay for eternity:

'Losing his fine and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight
And luxury of contemplation.'

"That luxury shall, one day, be mine and yours, transferred to us in the shape of a third volume; so come away and don't disturb him."

The third volume at which Howitt hinted (it was really the fourth), was probably passing through the press while he wrote. At any rate, it was published in the same year as his loose compilation, and was christened "The Princess." I forget how it was received, and it does not matter, since it has taken a permanent place in English poetic

literature—as permanent a place, I think, as "Comus," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tennyson calls it "a medley," and I suppose it is one to most of his readers, although it is not to me. I do not find it mixed or confused, for, though it is true that the problem which it undertakes to solve is a contemporary one, while the story, or fable, through which it is solved is a mediæval one, the elements of both are so happily mingled that the total effect—at least upon my mind—is that of a rounded and harmonious whole. It is as delightful as a fairy tale, and as true as Nature, who never makes a mistake in her women, whatever the men-women of to-day may think and say. It is the insight of a great poet into the relations of men and women, and I receive it as implicitly as the insight of Shakespeare.

In 1850, seventeen years after the death of his friend Hallam, Tennyson published, without his name, the touching series of poems, "In Memoriam." It is his profoundest work, surpassing, I think, every personal poem extant. The same year he was made Poet Laureate, it is understood, at the direct request of Queen Victoria, who had long admired his genius. He succeeded Wordsworth, to whom he paid a manly tribute, in the dedication of his poems to her Majesty, in 1851:

"Victoria—since your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

The laureateship has reflected no honor on Tennyson, and Tennyson has reflected no great honor on the laureateship, for, with the exception of his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," his official performances are trifles laboriously written to order.

"Maud and Other Poems" was published in 1855. It contains two personal poems, if I may call them such, "The Daisy," and "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice." The first is addressed by the poet to his wife, whom he married shortly after he was made Laureate, the daisy in question being one which he had plucked for her on the Splügen, after a journey in Italy, the journey itself and the places they visited forming the subject of the poem. It was written after their return to England, during a visit of the poet to Edinburgh, and is possessed of considerable biographical interest, though less than we could wish:

"O Love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea:

"So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold:
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

"I found, tho' crushed to hard and dry,
This nursling of another sky,
Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by:

"And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer,
And gray metropolis of the North."

The lines addressed to Maurice, the godfather of the boy just alluded to, are an invitation to the poet's residence at Faringford:

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie chatter
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And, further on, the hoary Channel,
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

"Maud" disappointed the majority of Tennyson's readers as well as the critics, and it was felt that his next book must be better, or his supremacy would be called in question. His next book, "Idyls of the King," published in 1859, settled the question forever. It was his greatest work—a work which no other English poet, living or dead, could have written. The subject appears to have been in his mind ever since the publication of his second volume, which contained "The Lady of Shalott," and, though his imagination had since wandered over the world of classic and romantic art, his heart was with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Milton intended at one time to have made King Arthur the hero of an epic, but it is just as well, we can see now, that he did not. What Milton's Arthurian epic would have been, we can conjecture from "Paradise Lost," or, if that comparison be considered an unfair one, as it may be, in view of the vast difference between the action and characters of "Paradise Lost," and the action and characters of the Arthurian epic, we can conjecture from "Comus." What Tennyson's epic is, for such it really is now, whatever it was at the beginning, we all know, and he must have a singular taste who could wish that any other poet than Tennyson had grappled with it. It waited for him through the centuries, and he came:

"All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth."

"Enoch Arden" was published in 1864; "The Holy Grail," in 1869; "The Window, or Songs of the Wrens," in 1870; and "The Last Tournament," in 1871.

To predict the estimation in which one's contemporaries will be held by posterity is an unsafe proceeding, as all literary history has shown. Still, with this fact before me, I cannot but think that Tennyson will always occupy a high rank among the English poets. He does not strike me as being a new force in literature, as Wordsworth and Byron were, but rather as one who perfected what was already in existence when he appeared, although in an imperfect form—a poetic element which I should call the sense of the Beautiful. He seems to me the perfection of Keats; not the Keats of "Hyperion," that noblest of epical fragments, but the rich, sensuous, young Keats of the "Ode to a Nightingale," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." In other words, his poetry is the most poetical poetry ever written, and he himself is the poet of poets.

R. H. STODDARD.

LEGENDS OF TREES.

THE apple-tree, so widely known and so generally cultivated, is equally celebrated in the mythology of the ancient Greeks, Scandinavians, and Druids. Among

the former it was brought into favor because of an ancient tradition concerning some Theban youths who attempted to offer a sacrifice to Hercules. In endeavoring to cross the river Asopus with the sheep they brought as a sacrifice, they found that the stream had overflowed its banks to such an extent that it was impossible to cross with the animal. Remembering that the name of an apple in their language was the same as that of a sheep, they took an apple, and, inserting four sticks for legs, offered that as a substitute. Ever afterward the apple was a favorite offering at the altars of Hercules. Among the same people it was said the golden fruits of the Hesperides, which it was one of the labors of Hercules to procure in spite of the dragon that so faithfully guarded them day and night, were apples.

The Scandinavians had a tradition that the goddess Iduna had the charge of a wonderful tree whose fruits had the power of conferring immortal life, and were consequently food for the gods alone. Loke, the evil spirit, wishing to gain control of the human race, stole Iduna, with her tree, and concealed her in a thick forest. The gods, deprived of these wonderful apples, soon became old and infirm; they lost their former strength and capacity for managing the affairs of the world, and fell into an almost helpless condition. Then, left to their own evil inclinations, they soon became a prey for the adversary who succeeded in gaining a great ascendancy over them. Discovering the causes of their growing weakness, and realizing the great loss from which they suffered, the gods united their feeble powers, and finally succeeded, after a severe conflict, in defeating the evil spirit, and compelling him to restore the stolen goddess and her precious charge. Feasting upon these apples in honor of their victory, all the decay and infirmity of old age disappeared, and the strength and beauty of youth once more returned.

Among the Druids the apple-tree was revered, because it was supposed, with the exception of the oak, to be the only tree upon which the mistletoe grew, and great attention was paid to its cultivation among the Britons. The usefulness of its fruit, also, made it a favorite with the people; and it is said that, previous to the time of the Romans, Glastonbury was called "the apple-orchard," on account of the quantity of apples grown there. Even to this day, in some of the orchard districts, the old rites and ceremonies connected with this tree, and which must have originated many centuries ago, are observed by the farmers. "On Christmas-eve," says an English writer, "the farmers and their men, in Devonshire, take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it, and, carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the apple-trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well the next season. This salutation consists in throwing some cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches, and then, forming themselves into a ring, they, like the bards of old, set up their voices and sing a song." Many of the old ballads, setting forth its great value and worth, have outlived the customs which gave them birth, and furnish a proof of the estimation with

which this tree was regarded. The wassail-bowl, which was drunk on festive occasions in England, was compounded of apples, bruised in white wine, or ales richly spiced. On all great days of feasting, apples were considered as indispensable, and were brought forth in abundance. Much of the merriment at such times was connected with the custom of "bobbing for apples," as it was called. A beam, which was so arranged as to be continually in motion, was suspended from the ceiling of the room. A lighted candle being fastened upon one end of it and an apple upon the other, and the hands of those who participated in the sport being tied behind them, each one attempted to catch the swiftly-revolving apple with his mouth, but oftener succeeded in catching the candle instead. Sometimes the apples were roasted upon a string before the fire, and he who first caught one as it fell was the happy possessor of the same. Again they were sometimes thrown into tubs of water, and "bobbed" after in the same manner as when attached to a beam. The Druids used on particular occasions to bless apples and distribute them among the people, who considered them as safeguards against all evil. So from the earliest ages, and among many different nations, this tree has been regarded as an especial favorite, and much care and study have been given to its successful cultivation.

The oak-tree was also regarded by the Druids with the greatest veneration, because, as has been formerly stated, the mistletoe, always considered as sacred by them, was found principally upon it. They worshipped Baal, the god of fire, under the semblance of an oak; and, since his festival occurred at Christmas, it was their custom to burn huge logs of oak-wood on that day. From this originated the burning of the yule-log, which, with the drinking of the wassail-bowl, were the two most marked and general features of a Christmas celebration. The log was always taken from the hearth before it was entirely consumed, and reserved for the kindling of the Christmas-fire on the following year. It was guarded with the best of care, the universal opinion being that, should any accident befall it, some dire misfortune would surely follow. The worship of this peculiar people was also conducted under an oak, and near by was usually built an altar of stones, upon which burned the fire. This fire, the priests pretended, was never extinguished; and once a year the fires of every household in the land were kindled from it. For several days before the gathering of the sacred mistletoe, the Druids kept a long and solemn fast, during which time they continually offered sacrifices in baskets woven of oak-twigs. All their trials and important national meetings were held under an oak, and a grove of these trees was to them a holy spot. From the pages of history we read that the conference between the Britons and the Saxons, after the invasion of the latter, was held under the oaks of Dartmoor. In our own country the Charter-Oak was for a long time an object of curiosity, because of the use made of it by the early settlers of Connecticut. The many incidents of interest connected with this tree have given it a prominent place among other trees. There

are songs for the oak, "the brave old oak," setting forth the strength, the beauty, and the vigor of this tree; and we find frequent allusions made to the tiny acorn and its sturdy offspring as a striking exhibition of the beautiful possibilities which may follow from small beginnings.

The mistletoe, which was found only upon the apple and oak trees, has been always considered as a sacred plant. It is mentioned frequently in the mythology of the ancients, and is referred to by many writers. Both Ovid and Virgil speak of its fabled qualities. Among the Romans it was believed to be an antidote against poison, and the Persians formerly made use of it in their religious ceremonies. The Druids regarded it with the greatest reverence. The yearly gathering of the mistletoe was one of the most important ceremonies connected with their worship. Very near the beginning of the year, but always when the moon was six days old, the priests went in a long procession into the forest, and, selecting some oak upon which a mistletoe hung, built a high mound of earth around its trunk. Upon this they put the names of those gods whom they considered as most powerful, and also those whose favor they wished to gain. Then the chief Druid, clad in white, ascended the tree, and, while the others stood below holding a pure-white cloth prepared to receive it, cut the mistletoe with a consecrated golden pruning-hook. It was afterward dipped in water, and distributed among the people as a preventive against evil spirits, witchcraft, and disease. If, during this distribution, any portion fell to the ground, it was considered as a sign that some great evil was about to befall the nation. To conclude the ceremony, two white bulls were sacrificed.

These superstitions clung to the plant long after the Druids and their religion had entirely passed away. Frequent mention is made of it by English writers. At Christmas it was gathered with due solemnity and hung in the great hall of the manor-house with loud shouts and rejoicing.

Among European peasants it is often called the "spectre's wand" from the supposition that, should a man hold it in his hand, he may not only see ghosts, but also enter into conversation with them. On account of its peculiar origin and growth, it is supposed by them to possess many magical properties, and, being considered as ominous of evil, is carefully avoided.

The poplar-tree was also of considerable note in olden time. The white-poplar was dedicated to Time, because its leaves are continually in motion, and because the dark side represented night and the light day. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were crowned with wreaths of poplar-leaves, as it was supposed to be a favorite tree of his. It was said that, after a severe trial of his courage and strength in a cave of Mount Aventine, this god bound his brow with a chaplet of leaves gathered from the many poplars growing there, as a token of victory. Conquerors, in imitation of him, often wore branches of it upon their foreheads during their triumphal marches back to their native cities. Having been worn into the infernal regions by Hercules, the outer side of the leaves was said to have been

scorched and colored by the smoke, while the inner side, being protected, retained its natural silvery whiteness.

Ovid relates a fable of the black-poplar which is but one of the many connected with that tree. According to this poet, when Phaeton stole the horses and chariot of the sun, and by his careless driving set half the world on fire, Jupiter, in great anger, hurled him from the chariot into the river Po, where he was drowned. His sisters, sorrowing greatly at their loss, and wandering continually along the banks of that river, were changed into trees, which are generally supposed to have been black-poplars; and this supposition was well sustained by the fact that great numbers of this species of the poplar were found along the banks of that stream. As the leaves of the poplar are usually covered with drops of water which exude from the pores, the trees being surcharged with moisture, the belief was that the sisters, though changed in form, still retained the power of weeping continually over the watery grave of their brother; and, as the rays of the sun are most brightly reflected from these trees, it was supposed to be a sign of parental favor from Jove in commendation of their devotion and grief.

The ash-tree, according to ancient Scandinavian mythology, was the most favored of trees, because beneath a huge ash was held the solemn council of the gods. The summit of this remarkable tree reached the heavens, its branches spread over the entire earth, and its roots penetrated to the infernal regions. An eagle rested upon the summit, and kept careful watch of whatever happened below. Huge serpents were coiled about its trunk. Two fountains sprung from its roots, in one of which was concealed Wisdom, and in the other Prophecy. The leaves of this tree were continually sprinkled with water from these fountains, and the tree itself was most carefully guarded and nurtured by the gods. From its wood the first man was formed, and breath was imparted to him as a special gift from them.

The mountain-ash was regarded by the Druids as a powerful preservative against witchcraft. This superstition still prevails in some parts of England, the people often carrying sprigs of it about their persons to keep away evil spirits. Some keep a bundle of ash-twigs over the door of their cottage as a safeguard against harm, and the herdsmen used always to drive their cattle to and fro with rods, preserving the same one for many successive seasons if it brought no misfortune to them, and so proved itself to be "a good-luck rod." In India, too, the same superstition exists to a great extent. There it is believed that serpents have a great aversion for the ash, and that a decoction of ash-leaves will kill the poison of a serpent's bite.

The laurel-tree, among the ancients, was the token of victory. Generals and conquerors were crowned with laurel-wreaths; soldiers during the triumphal marches carried sprigs of it; and the design of a laurel-wreath or the leaf itself was considered as an emblem of some great conquest. To be crowned with laurel-leaves was thought to be so great an honor that it finally became the custom to

confer this badge of distinction upon any who had distinguished themselves by their bravery and skill. Poets were included among those who were thus favored, and hence was derived the term of "Poet Laureate."

The yew-tree, the emblem of sadness and grief, and which is mentioned by some of the earliest writers, has, in spite of its antiquity, but few legends connected with it. It is found principally in church-yards, from which fact it is but natural that the thought of gloom and sorrow should be associated with it. Why it should have been chosen for such spots has never been fully explained. Some suppose that the custom originated with the Druids, who cultivated these trees near their places of worship, and that our Christian forefathers, it being evergreen, followed the example, and set groves of it about their churches also. Others suppose it to have been emblematical of silence and death, and consequently best suited for the church-yard; while still others say that it was planted there simply for convenience, as it furnished branches for Palm-Sunday and other religious festivals. Be this as it may, but one idea attaches itself to this tree, and that is one of dreariness. It is seldom mentioned either in conversation or by our writers save in connection with death and its sad associations.

In glancing thus hastily at but a few out of the many legends of by-gone days, it is easy to understand how firm a hold they must have had upon the imagination of a superstitious people whose love and veneration were readily controlled by an implicit confidence and sincere belief in each and every one. Trees to them were something more than objects of beauty or usefulness. Each had some weird myth connected with it, which gave it a peculiar significance. So, as the whistling blast swept through the tall tree-tops of some dark forest, or the cool south breeze played among the bright-green leaves of some way-side grove, it sang strange, low songs, and whispered sweet, mysterious secrets to the dwellers beneath their branches. Belief in these superstitions is now a thing of the past; but still there is a fascination about them which even a more enlightened people cannot wholly forget or fail to appreciate.

BELLE J. ESSEX.

THE BLOODROOT.

A TENDER plantlet, often seen,
In spring-time, up the dark ravine—
The bloodroot, with its star of glory—
Recalls old Virgil's tragic story;
For lo! the roots begin to bleed
If we but touch the pretty weed,
And, listening, we expect once more
The plaintive wail of Polydore.
So white, so pure, so fair to see,
Alas! can Sin have tempted thee?
What horrid story canst thou tell,
Poor mourner, of this haunted dell?
Thy error must, indeed, be great,
To cause this pitiable fate!
Cannot the blessed dew or rain
Wipe out the much-offending stain?
Unhappy blossom! when shall rest
The sorrow that disturbs thy breast?

W. W. BAILLY.

TABLE-TALK.

SO much has been written upon the subject of life insurance, during the last ten years, that scarcely any thing new can be urged in its behalf. That it is based upon certain ascertained and unquestionable data, and is governed by rules deduced from them; that it is an exact science, as exact and as free from the possibility of error as any human calculations can be; that it is thus, of all human enterprises, the only one absolutely secure against failure or overthrow from any cause; that it is a sheer necessity in every country where labor is a law of Nature, and is so adapted to varying circumstances that there is no man who may not wisely interest himself in it; that it presents the only way by which any man can make a secure provision for the future, and remove the last contingency from his financial prospects—all this has been justly stated, and has been continually urged, without, as yet, having fully impressed its truth and force upon the general public. The unfortunate disposition in this country to overdo every thing, however, has produced an excessive haste to organize new companies, thereby stimulating an unhealthy and reckless competition, which represented the advantages of insuring in an unjustifiable light, dealt out without stint to the public promises impossible to realize, and generally followed out the temporary policy of getting business at any cost. Up to 1870, not a company had failed; the exaggerations and extravagant promises put forth—in some cases officially by the companies themselves—had not been tested and found wanting; the volume of aggregate business done increased steadily, year by year; and, mingled with the solid advantages of life insurance, and the sound financial condition of the best companies, in a way that made it difficult for the unprofessional eye to discern one from the other, was not a little of bubble and weakness. But the tide reached its height in 1870, turned at the end of that year, and has been receding since. The failure of two companies, and the prudent retirement of several others, are too recent to need mention. Some injury has been wrought, but some injury is the price of all reform. Many people who ought to have insured before this have delayed, and are still delaying; many policies have been dropped outright, exchanged for paid-up policies, or sold to the offices, because of the distrust occasioned by the temporary decline in the business. But a sweeping and indiscriminating distrust is as great an error as was the former one of unlimited and unquestioning confidence. Life insurance was never so secure and safe, or so well deserving the confidence and patronage of the public, as it is to-day. The result of the change is, to stop for some years to come the increase in the number of offices, to show all concerned that the plain rules which define a safe man-

agement must be rigidly adhered to, to teach the public the value of age and experience in life-insurance business, and to impress the necessity of using judgment in the choice of a company. Not suspicion, but caution, is the real lesson indicated; that time is the best test of a company, as of every thing else; and that, if it is wise to insure at all, it is especially wise to use judgment in so doing. The highest claim to public consideration lies, not with the companies which make the loudest promises for the future, but with those who have best proved their title to it by the past. The quality of the insurance, as afforded by different offices, should be the point for study; and the decisive question really is, Which company, as tested by past experience, will furnish perfectly safe insurance at the lowest net cost, on the most equitable conditions? The matter of dividends having been the chief source of exaggeration heretofore, it is a grave question whether the original plan of letting them remain is not the better one, as is now presented in the admirable "Tontine" policy by some of the old companies, and with the choice, in the New-York Life, of no less than five different methods of using the accumulated surplus. However this may be viewed by different persons in their own cases, life insurance will hereafter have a more real and honest, and more beneficial—although less brilliant—progress than its past has been.

— Certain government clerks having, in London, formed coöperative stores for the supply of groceries and other articles at wholesale prices, the retailers have made a demonstration against them, going so far as to appeal to the chancellor of the exchequer for government interposition in the matter. This very absurd proceeding has naturally brought down the thunders of the press upon them. Nothing could be more irrational and foreign to the spirit of the time than to invoke the interference of government in the largest liberty of buying and selling. But, in condemning the course of the London tradesmen, the journals have fallen into errors which, if more plausible on their surface, are quite as unsupported by sound principles of political economy. It has long been common here, as well as in England, for certain people to denounce retailers as a class of extortionists who prey without control upon a helpless public. We find the London *Saturday Review* indulging in the same sort of fierce tirade against tradesmen which at times has so marked the pages of some of our metropolitan journals, and with quite as little logic or knowledge of the subject. Retailers, and all kinds of "middle-men," are continually supposed, by a certain class of reasoners, to enhance the price of goods, to stand as a barrier between the immediate contact of producers and consumers, and to form, not only an unnecessary class, but one hostile and injurious to the best in-

terests of the community. It seems almost absurd to be under the necessity of pointing out the primary error of these unjust aspersions. It may be set down as a principle that no such class could possibly exist unless there were a public need for them; and, instead of retailers and middle-men increasing prices, everybody who studies the working of trade will discover that they are a great power for the promotion of cheapness. It is by their means that articles of all kinds may be so widely and generally distributed that they are brought to every man's door; the immense increase of consumption thus secured reduces, in all things, the cost of production, and in some things alone renders it peculiarly possible to produce at all. It is not necessary to enlarge further upon propositions so evident. Retailers are simply great distributors, who contribute immensely to the comfort and convenience of people, and, while rendering articles more accessible, also make them cheaper. But many of them are accused of adulteration. In the first place, it is the wholesale men and the producers who make adulteration a system, and the consumer would discover no relief from this evil by purchasing in bulk, or by coming in contact with the first dealer; and, secondly, adulteration is rendered possible solely by the connivance of the consumer. Adulteration is the consequence of a popular demand for cheapness; the pressure to buy lower induces unscrupulous men to comply with this popular passion by artificially cheapening their goods. If consumers made their primary demand one of quality, and considered price only as it related to the genuine value of the article, there would be no temptation to adulterate. Tradesmen are like the average men of other classes—no better, no worse; neither in all cases superior to temptation and the eagerness for profit, nor more prone to do dishonest things. As a class, their profits average very low. In the large cities, a few retailers succeed in centralizing a large trade into their hands, and hence acquire handsome fortunes; but the very great majority simply gain a modest living. As regards coöperative stores, they are entirely legitimate, and, no doubt, in some instances, serve a good purpose. They are scarcely possible in small places or in new sections; they are rather the outgrowth of the ordinary retailing than its rival. In coöperative stores the consumer pays by salary rather than by percentage for the labor of distribution. If he purchases goods at a lower rate, it is because he is capitalist as well as consumer, and foregoes his profit as the former for the sake of his advantages as the latter.

— It is a startling fact for the British Government that, at a moment when there is a serious misunderstanding with the United States, and when the Indian viceroy is murdered, the Irish should be choosing, by overwhelming majorities, members of Parliament

pledged to "Home Rule." This Home-Rule movement has assumed serious proportions, and can no longer be pooh-poohed as one more harmless ebullition of the Celtic temper. It is led by men of ability and learning, such as Mr. Butt and Mr. Maguire, and must not at all be confounded with Fenianism. The old cry of "Repeal" has been dropped, and that of "Home Rule"—as more practicable and as equally effective in achieving Irish self-government—adopted. The demand of the Home-Rule leaders is, that there shall be a separate Irish Parliament, with power to deal with local affairs; these would include, of course, the right to amend the land laws, and to adopt a local system of education. The idea is, that Ireland and Great Britain should be confederated kingdoms under one sovereign, and that the Imperial Parliament should still deal with all matters of imperial concern. It is remarkable that this movement is sustained, not only by Irish Radicals and Catholics, but as well by many Irish Tories and Protestants. At the recent election at Galway, the Home-Rule candidate easily kept the head of the poll. The more recent election in the county of Kerry was perhaps still more significant. Here all the "influence," agrarian and ecclesiastical, seems to have been strenuously exerted against the Home-Rule candidate. The Marquis of Lansdowne, a member of the Gladstone ministry, is the possessor of large estates in Kerry, and the Catholic bishop of that diocese is one of the most esteemed prelates in the Church; both these, with the other landlords and principal clergy, used active measures to elect Mr. Dease. But the peasantry seem to have revolted *en masse* from the persuasions both of their landlords and their spiritual guides; for Mr. Blennerhassett, who is pledged to agitate Home Rule, was chosen by a majority which surprised everybody, and put the London papers into a fever of alarm. The Liberals, especially, have reason to be disturbed, since the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the Irish Land Bill, have so utterly failed to conciliate the dependent island, and the golden age of "peace in Ireland," so zealously promised by Gladstone, seems as far off as ever; while the Tories will not fail to seize the occasion and point the moral, by proving the utter inefficacy of the Gladstonian panacea, and trying to persuade the House that they could do better were Mr. Disraeli once more in power. Home Rule will be agitated in the House of Commons by a decided majority of the Irish members, and by several, at least, of the English Radicals; for, although John Bright has pronounced, in a terse style all his own, against the movement, the Radicals have ceased to follow him as their leader.

— An ingenious Yankee, in Malden, Massachusetts, has invented a new and curious swindle. He got up a circular in imitation of those used by the rascals who

sell improper books, and sent copies of it in great number to people in all parts of the country, offering to forward to them by mail, on the receipt of eighty cents, "a handsomely-bound book, with a rich and peculiarly interesting picture for frontispiece, executed in the highest style of French art, in several colors." "Every bachelor," the circular said, "should read it—every married couple, and unmarried ladies, if they like. Every one should keep it in the trunk or the pocket." The bait took; a great many people sent the money, expecting to get in return a very naughty book. We can imagine their vexation and disgust on receiving, instead, a cheap copy of the New Testament, with a chromo-lithograph of the Virgin and Child! Some virtuous citizens, who received the circular and did not comprehend the dodge, complained to the police, and officers were sent to Malden, who, on seizing the books and finding what they were, very naturally felt bothered as to the course to be pursued. The sender of the circulars stoutly maintained that he was doing nothing but propagating the Gospel among a class who greatly needed its wholesome instruction, and that he was using the devices of the wicked for good purposes. But, as his pious fraud was very profitable—as the Testaments were only worth fifteen cents each—the authorities finally decided that the transaction was a swindle, and compelled the inventor to abandon his little game.

— Who were our ancestors—not of a century or of five centuries ago, but in the remoter ages, when the Eastern inroads into Europe were forming composite races? It is still somewhat a matter of dispute whether the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, were Scandinavian or Teutonic—nay, ethnologists have arisen in recent years who say that some of these tribes, at least, came from what is now Mecklenburg, as well as from what are now Schleswig and Holstein; while philologists decide that the English tongue is sixty per cent. Scandinavian, and others assert that old Friesic is more like English than any other known language. M. de Quatrefages, a member of the French Institute, has prepared a new surprise for the world—even for the world of ethnologists, who thought they had at least exhausted theory, if they had not determined generally-admitted fact. In a work, recently published in Paris, on "La Race Prussienne," he boldly declares that the basis of the Prussian nation (by which he perhaps means Brandenburg and its immediate surroundings, as well as Pomerania) is neither Slavic, nor Teuton, nor even Aryan; that they are "Allophylian"—that is, Finnish—*anterior* to the Aryans, and one step, at least, nearer the aborigines, if aborigines there were in Europe. His theory is that, "instead of being all driven north, like their reindeer, when the European climate assumed its present condition, patches of them were left here and there,

and, by their mixture with later races, explain many ethnological puzzles." We think of Professor Huxley's Basques, and are lost in a labyrinth of confused races and a Babel of confused tongues. M. de Quatrefages looks upon the Celts, Saxons, Teutons, and Slaves, as very much the same family; the mixture of the Allophylian blood with these, in different quantities, accounts for the varied character of the modern nations. The typical Teutonic German, according to him, is the Bavarian, who is tall and well built; while the purer Allophylian is short and thick-set—as are the Prussians. The learned academician seems determined to make the Prussians non-Teutonic, and evidently exults to be able to say that Germany is ruled by a non-German power. His work may just possibly have been undertaken with this maliciously ironical view. He is not content to prove the Prussians the descendants of Finnish cannibals, but he adds to this a theory that they are also largely *French*; for the Allophylian admixture, which is weak in the rest of Germany, is very strong in Prussia, and it is also very strong in France. Besides, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many Huguenots, not only to America and England, but to Prussia also, and there was quite a colony of them at Berlin; these, according to M. de Quatrefages, who exhibits an admirable persistency in sustaining his view, infused themselves into the best Prussian ranks, and their qualities have latterly bloomed out in the Prussian pluck and discipline. After this, we may not be surprised if M. de Quatrefages demonstrates that the stalwart-framed Bismarck is a Finn, and that Von Moltke is really a Huguenot Frenchman.

— "The wisdom of our ancestors" has turned out to be any thing but wisdom, in the eyes of their descendants, in the very important provinces of religion and politics. Five hundred years ago, our ancestors were all Catholics, and a heretic was an abomination to be swept away by sword and fire. To-day, the heretics are so prodigiously in the ascendant that a Catholic is regarded as little better than a heathen by a large part of the English-speaking race. A hundred years ago, our ancestors were all royalists; and now, on this side of the Atlantic at least, we are all republicans, and look upon royalty as a humbug, or rather as a clumsy relic of barbarism. But there was one point of traditional wisdom which, at all events, might be regarded as proof against modern skepticism, and that was the virtue of early rising, enforced by so many pithy proverbs and interesting anecdotes of early birds and unfortunate worms. But it now seems that the doctors have come to the comfortable conclusion that early rising is injurious rather than beneficial. They assert that children should be permitted to sleep about as long as they please in the morning, and that jumping suddenly out of

bed at daylight is bad for the health. The Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Labor, having under consideration a ten-hour law, was told by a gentleman from the great manufacturing city of Fall River that "the girls of the poor man ought to lie in bed in the morning and snooze and stretch and grow, just as the daughters of the rich man do;" and, of course, there can be no doubt that, if "snoozing" in the morning is good for the daughters of the rich, it must be equally good for the daughters of the poor.

Literary Notes.

"SOUTH-SEA BUBBLES, by the Earl and the Doctor," is by young Lord Pembroke and Dr. Kingsley. It is a charming volume, bright, vivacious, pervaded with rollicking fun, full of rare bits of description, and, if not specially instructive, yet supplies a fund of enjoyment and recreation. As examples of the style, we quote a passage or two: "I can never forget the scene that burst upon my astonished and half-opened eyes as I turned out of bed one morning and found myself entering the port of Papiete. Great mountains of every shade of blue, pink, gray, and purple, torn and broken into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep, dark, mysterious gorges, showing almost black by contrast with the surrounding brightness; precipitous peaks and pinnacles rising one above the other, like giant sentinels, until they were lost in the heavy masses of cloud they had impaled; while below, stretching from the base of the mountains to the shore, a forest of tropical trees, with the huts and houses of the town peeping out between them. . . . And the natives! how well they match the scene! The women, with their voluptuous figures, their unique, free, graceful walk, their night-gowns (for their dress is nothing but a long chemise, white, pale, green, red, or red and white, according to the taste of the wearer, which is invariably good), floating loosely about in a cool, refreshing manner; their luxurious black tresses crowned with a gracefully-plaited araroot chaplet, and further ornamented by a great flowing bunch of white reva-reva; their delicious perfume of cocoa-nut oil (it is worth going to Tahiti for the smell alone); and, above all, their smiling, handsome faces, and singing, bubbling voices, full of soft cadences—all this set off by the broken, scattered rays of green light shining through the shady avenues. . . . The most bashful and coy will never pass you without a greeting, a glance of the eyes, and a slight gathering in of her dress with her elbows, to exhibit her buxom figure to full perfection. Or else, perhaps, she will come up coquettishly, and ask you for the loan of your cigar, take a few puffs at it, and hand it back again gracefully to the rather astonished owner."

The distinguished Dr. Guthrie has published in London a book of travels, to which he gives the title of "Sundays Abroad." It consists of travels on the Continent, with special regard to the religious customs and ideas of the people. Although a minister of the Scottish Kirk, Dr. Guthrie has no sympathy with the rigid Scotch notions in regard to the observances of the Sabbath, and gives an amusing anecdote illustrative of the extremes to which sabbatarianism can go, north of the Tweed. The incident described occurred on the occasion of a visit to a brother-minister:

"I said to my host, as I retired to my bedroom on Saturday night, 'I may ring for hot water in the morning!' On this he instantly raised his hands, saying, 'Hush, hush!' Astonished, and taken quite aback, and fancying, from his deprecatory manner and look, that he had greatly misunderstood my question, I repeated it. But this only called forth a more startling and emphatic warning, followed by this explanation, *sotto voce*: 'Speak of shaving on the Lord's day, and you need never preach more in —shire!' However much I might disapprove of customs that required a tradesman to open shop on Sunday for such a purpose, I could not see the difference between a man shaving his beard and washing his face on that day. This want of logic, however, was a small matter compared with a want of consistency I could not reflect on without a little grief and much astonishment—this, namely, that in hundreds of houses where you could not get, for love or money, one drop of hot water to shave with on the Lord's day, you would get plenty wherewith to brew whiskey-toddy, as if whiskey was not the bane of the country, the present and eternal ruin of thousands, as well as the main cause both of our poverty and crime."

Dr. Guthrie, in his Continental journeyings, is laudably anxious to do justice to the better sides of the manners and customs of the Roman Catholics he meets with, and, although by no means free from narrowness and prejudice, he may fairly claim to have given an honest record of his usually just impressions.

A handsome and well-printed volume has made its appearance from the press of Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. We refer to the memoir of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, one of the gentlest, bravest, and most lamented young heroes of the late war, who at twenty-two gave his life for the liberation of his suffering comrades confined in the prisons of Richmond. The expedition in which Dahlgren fell was certainly one of the most gallant and humane ever undertaken since the ancient days of knight-errantry. Had it been successful, his fame would have been second to none of the young cavalry-leaders of the war. "A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely," says Lord Bacon. Measured by such a standard, judged by what he did and what he was, Ulric Dahlgren was a veteran. He was born a soldier, and his earliest service in the field found him the same cool, wary, indomitable leader which his last months of more conspicuous action showed him to the country. This memoir, which has all the interest of a romance, was written by his father, the late Admiral Dahlgren, who did not live to see the work published. After its perusal we feel that to Colonel Ulric Dahlgren may be fitly and most truthfully applied Chaucer's beautiful line—

"He was a very perfect, gentle knight."

Edmond About's "Literary History of the Second Empire" will be published in April. It will contain a series of curious revelations about the efforts made by the emperor and empress to conciliate the leading authors of France. Perhaps the most interesting part of these revelations will be the chapter in which the author relates how he himself, for a time, became an imperialist. It is said that the flatteries of the empress gained him over to the Bonapartist side, and that he regularly sent her majesty copies of his new works, with autograph dedications. In return, the empress always invited him to her Monday soirées. One day he solicited a private interview with her majesty. He was shown into her library and requested to wait a few minutes. Looking at the books on the shelves, he found, to his surprise, all his own works precisely as he had sent them to Eugénie, with leaves un-

cut and evidently unread. This enraged the author of "The Roman Question" so greatly that he left the Tuilleries without waiting for the appearance of the empress, and from that time forward he became a bitter enemy of the imperial court.

William L. Stone, a writer of approved skill, has in press a "History of New-York City," in one volume octavo, to be published by Virtue & Yorston. It comprises much new material, and will probably be the standard history of the city. It gives full and authentic accounts of all the important events in our local history, from the arrival of Hendrick Hudson to the assassination of James Fisk, and will be illustrated with twenty portraits and a multitude of engravings on wood and steel.

Scientific Notes.

The Site of Troy.

THE discovery of the ruins of Troy would certainly be a very desirable occurrence for historians, archaeologists, and scientific men generally. The fact of their discovery does not seem to be certain, but still, by the exertions of a skilled explorer, we are now pretty sure to ascertain if there has ever been such a city or not. The abundant remains of manufactured articles of various descriptions discovered by Dr. Schliemann, on Mount Hisarlik, a lofty hill bordering on the alluvial plain of the river Scamandros, cannot, however, be traced yet with perfect certainty to the famous city of Priam and his heroic progeny.

In ancient and modern times many travelers of merit have visited the site of the obstinate fight between the Greeks and the Trojans. On the supposed location of Troy the town of New Ilion was built in the sixth or seventh century B. C., though a *satrap* of a later period, Demetrius, a native of the neighboring city of Scepsis, maintained the opinion that Troy, with its citadel, Pergamos, once stood where the village of the Ilions then existed. A full account of the researches made by earlier English travellers, illustrated by a map, is given in the "British Cyclopædia." The learned Austrian archaeologist, Hahn, formerly consul in Albania (Western Turkey), made excavations in a place called Balidak; but on this location a city of much extent could not have been built on account of its narrowness. At present Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, renowned for his scientific travels in Nicaragua, is engaged in investigating the basin of the Scamandros. Having commenced his labors in the middle of 1871, he had to try different locations before he hit on the right spot. He is now making excavations of great extent and of decisive scientific importance on the location of New Ilion. In contradiction to some modern mythologists of the German school, he steadfastly upholds the opinion that a city of the name of Troy has really existed, but that its remains have not yet been discovered. If these ruins can be found, he says, they can be found only on the spot where New Ilion stood.

The doctor at first dug through a layer which yielded numerous stone implements of rough manufacture, mere splinters of flint-stone, intermingled with rare specimens of siliceous blades. He first imagined that he had discovered a village of the stone age, but pursued his diggings at the same location, and soon found articles which gave evidence of a much higher culture than that of the stone age. Flint knives were not found any more,

but bronze and copper implements commenced to appear. He also found a large number of wide earthen burial-vases, some of them of a diameter exceeding three feet, little urns or tripods, drinking-vases that will only stand on their orifices, hand-mills of stone in large numbers, and house-walls, consisting of large stones cemented by mud. The greatest depth he reached was thirty-three feet below the surface of the hill. If there is a possibility of striking upon the ruins of Troy, they will be found, as he supposes, many yards below this depth. In the layers nearer the surface he struck upon a great number of articles made of terra-cotta, and resembling boys' tops. On its circular surface one of them had a nicely-engraved inscription in Phœnician characters. The inscription consists of six letters, goes all round, and has no interpunctuations, so that it will be difficult to find out which is the first letter of the word or words. This highly-interesting relic was met with at a depth of twenty-six feet.

A second inscription of similar letters was found, almost at the same depth, on a round little plate of burnt earth, white on one side, whose diameter does not exceed four inches. This plate is somewhat injured, and originally contained about five characters, of which three only can be readily distinguished.

The above-mentioned tops of terra-cotta Dr. Schliemann supposes to be idols, or "exvotos," offered to divinities. In his opinion, they exhibit a great similitude to the colossal burial-mounds in the plain of Troy, which were said to cover the ashes of the Grecian heroes burnt by Hephestos, the fire-flame. But there is hardly any doubt that these mounds are much older than the Trojan War; they might even have been built at a period a thousand years before that event. Our archaeologist frequently found idols, of a priap-like exterior, before he reached the depth of twenty-three feet, and discovered also rough drawings of owl-heads; but, when he went deeper, these objects disappeared entirely.

The commencement of the winter season and the setting in of heavy rains compelled the doctor to adjourn his labors for a few months. It is a very curious fact, not easily accounted for, that implements of the stone period are found above those of the bronze or copper period. Perhaps these stone weapons and knives were brought there by an incursion of the Cimærian tribes, who committed frequent depredations on the coast of Asia Minor, and settled there for some time in the eighth and seventh centuries *b. c.* We also have instances, in modern India, of tribes who are still manufacturing stone implements for their own use, though they might easily obtain iron tools and steel implements from the traders who visit their country.

Miscellany.

Pirnetti.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, a conjurer made his appearance at St. Petersburg, who astonished the natives by his marvellous performances. His name was Pirnetti, and his fame is yet in the memory of those who witnessed his unrivalled talents.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him; and one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over

by the czar, had met, but the conjurer was absent. Surprised and displeased, the czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent in search of him returned unsuccessful. The anger of the czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations. At length, after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front, and the serenity of one who had done nothing to reproach himself with. The czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with coolness:

"Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the czar, at the height of exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The czar, pulling out his watch violently, in order to confound what he considered a piece of downright insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! In turn all the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found, as usual, exactly regulated by that of the sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord by all the watches and clocks in the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him:

"Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sire. If you consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The czar again drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight; the same reflection had taken place in all the watches of all those present, and the clocks of the palace. This exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performance, the czar, after having complimented Pirnetti, brought back to his remembrance that, in the course of the evening's amusements, he had declared that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere," replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, or even into the apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well, then," said the czar, "at mid-day to-morrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand rubles. Come and get them. But I forewarn you that the doors shall be closed and carefully guarded."

"To-morrow at mid-day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

The gentleman of the house followed the conjurer to make sure that he quitted the palace; they accompanied him to his lodgings,

and a number of police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter until the czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the palace were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few minutes previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a dispatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home. "Aha! he has found out that the undertaking is impracticable and has abandoned it," observed the czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated, the door which communicated from the bedroom of the czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and, after a momentary silence, he said: "Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied; "but I am only an humble conjurer, with no ambition save that of amusing your majesty."

"Here," said the czar, "are the thousand rubles for last night, and a thousand for this day's visit."

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the czar, who, with a thoughtful air, inquired of him, "Do you count on yet remaining some time in St. Petersburg?"

"Sire," he replied, "I intend setting off this week, unless your majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No," hastily replied the czar, "it is not my intention to detain you; and, moreover," continued he, with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you found your way into this palace."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti; "but, far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily or mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a most striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary individual; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, on the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment! Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvellous departure. The spectators at these various gates all declared that, at ten o'clock precisely, Pirnetti, whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked at a slow pace, with head erect, in order to be the better seen," they said, "and he bade us adieu in a clear and audible voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to inspect the passports of travellers. The inscription of Pirnetti's passport was inscribed in the fifteen registers.

The Northern Pacific Railroad.

The wise selection of the route traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, insuring the easy regularity of the movement of its trains over the whole length of the road during the winter season, with a greater freedom from the natural obstacles that have delayed travel over the other Pacific roads, is fully confirmed by the concise and able report of Mr. W. M. Roberts, the engineer-in-chief of the Northern Pacific Company.

The eminent position held by Mr. Roberts, and his thorough knowledge of the advantages enjoyed by this road in its passage through that rich and fertile section of our country, give great weight to the statements embodied in his report. In view of the great importance to the East of uninterrupted railroad facilities to the Pacific, it is satisfactory to learn from the report of Mr. Roberts that, even throughout such a remarkable winter on the Pacific as the past one, the Northern Pacific Railroad could easily be kept open for regular traffic its entire length across the continent.

The report further states that the road for two hundred miles west, from Duluth to Oak Lake, has been free most of the way this winter, without snow-fences, and other roads in Minnesota have been but little troubled from snow, while a few miles of snow-fences would keep the Northern Pacific road from Lake Superior to the Missouri River as free from snow obstructions as is the line from Chicago to Omaha. The thermometer during the greater part of January ranged from 15° to 45° above zero, even in Montana, among the Rocky Mountains, while in February the average was 42.5°, and that degree of cold is attributed to the unusually early snows and cold weather. The cattle range through the valleys most winters, and are usually fatter in spring than when turned out near winter. The report contains additional valuable information from other portions of the road, showing less risk of deep snow or drifts along the line; the cattle had plenty of grass the entire winter in nearly all the valleys of Montana. The report refers to the snow-fall on the Union Pacific road for one hundred and eighty miles, every part of which is one thousand feet higher than the highest summit on the Northern route, and most of which is twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet higher than the mountain-section of equal length on the Northern Pacific line, and predicts as complete exemption from winter blockade for the Northern Pacific Railroad as is enjoyed by railroads in New York or New England, owing to the valley route and sheltered position through Montana, which greatly prevents the drifting of what snow there is on the line of the Northern Pacific road, and which will much facilitate the easy and successful working the year round of this important and most necessary railroad enterprise.

The Prince Imperial's Toys.

A newspaper correspondent, who was present at the sale of the imperial effects in the Tuilleries, thus refers to the toys and school-furniture of the prince imperial: A velocipede, very elegantly constructed, and with silver mounting, said to have been the one presented to the prince imperial by Alphonse of Spain, was bought by a wealthy petroleum-merchant from Old City. This purchaser intends to place the velocipede under a glass case upon his drawing-room chimney-piece, as a "reminder to his sons that richer men than fle-strikers can bust up." There were cases of mathematical instruments in the school-room lots, on which both fancy and money had been lavished. The

steel parts were covered with Damascus arabesques. The toys were generally well preserved. Few of the playthings of early babyhood were produced. What were disposed of dated within the last eight or nine years. The mimic cannons were very neatly executed, and quite capable of killing a poodle at fifty yards. A world of pains had been evidently taken with the prince, who was to have inherited the empire of the Napoleons, to get into his head, by means of object-lessons, the technicalities of Vauban and Cohorn. He was given toy fortresses, with toy lunes and demi-lunes; toy ditches, toy counterscarps, toy positions—such as woods, hills, and streams, whose tin beds could be flushed—toy siege-guns, and endless hosts of toy combatants, capable of being fastened on movable slabs in regular or irregular order. Then he had raised plans of Chalons and of Luneville, with microscopic tents to pitch on the plateau of the Mourmelon. A fortress, supposed to be Cherbourg, with a glass sea in front, and a fleet manoeuvred by means of loadstones, got crushed and broken, and was finally thrown into a heap of rubbish. The prince imperial, it is very probable, would have become a first-rate artisan if he had remained a few years longer at the Tuilleries. He was debarred by his rank from that wholesome rivalry with boys of his age which finds vent in out-door games, and trials of strength, fleetness, wind, and pluck. His little steam-press used to be very cleverly manipulated. In a case belonging to it there were some imaginary state-papers, probably intended for a practical joke, the work of the young Napoleon. This press had grown rusty from long lying in the *garde-meuble*, and was, with many other things, knocked down as old iron. A charming box of small-sized carpenters' tools and polished-walnut bench were also the worse for damp and dust. Along with them were thrown in a bundle of ivory-handled turning-instruments, and some awkwardly-turned peg-tops, balls, and draughtsmen. Then there were locksmiths' tools made for little hands, and locks to be taken to pieces and put together again. A few piles of books lay in a dark corner amid a heap of rubbish.

The Americans.

They are friendly, earnest, hospitable, kind, frank, very often accomplished, far less prejudiced than you would suppose, warm-hearted, fervent, and enthusiastic. They are chivalrous in their universal politeness to women, courteous, obliging, disinterested, and, when they conceive a perfect affection for a man (as I may venture to say of myself), entirely devoted to him. I have received thousands of people of all ranks and grades, and have never once been asked an offensive or unpolite question—except by Englishmen, who, when they have been "located" here for some years, are worse than the devil in his blackest painting. The State is a parent to its people, has a parental care and watch over all poor children, women laboring of child, sick persons, and captives. The common men render you assistance in the streets, and would revolt from the offer of a piece of money. The desire to oblige is universal; and I have never once travelled in a public conveyance without making some generous acquaintance, whom I have been sorry to part from, and who has in many cases come on miles to see us again. But I don't like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me. It would with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here, and be happy. I have a confidence that I must be right, because I have every thing to lead me

to the opposite conclusion, and yet I cannot resist coming to this one. As to the causes, they are too many to enter upon here.—*Charles Dickens's Life.*

The following illustration is given of etiquette at the French court in the time of Louis XV.: In the queen's apartment there were two chambers. One day the queen saw a speck of dust on her bed, and showed it to Madame de Luynes, her maid of honor. The latter sent for the *valet de chambre*, bed-maker to the queen, that he might show it to the *valet de chambre*, bed-maker to the king. The latter arrived at the end of an hour, but said that the dust was none of his business, because the bed-makers of the king made up the common bed of the queen, but were forbidden to touch the state-bed. Consequently, the dust must be removed by the officers of the household. The queen gave orders that they should be sent for; and every day, for two months, she asked if the dust had been brushed off, but they had not yet found out whose duty it was to remove the speck. Finally, the queen took up a feather duster, and brushed it off. Great was the scandal thereof, but no one dreamed of blaming the absence of the officers; they only found that the queen had been wanting in etiquette.

The *Spectator* thinks that George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for the humor alone, and quotes such sentences as these: "A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it." "If you could make a pudding w' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating when the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruet." "There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: "It's but little good you'll do a-watering last year's crop." Or this: "I know the way o' wives; they set on one to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em." "If old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got any thing against it?" "As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality o' the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of concealed efficiency ever put into words: "You're mighty fond o' Craig; but, for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

Foreign Items.

THE poet Grillparzer was on intimate terms with the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico. The archduke wrote execrable poetry, but thought he was rather a favorite son of the Muses. One day he sent Grillparzer an ivy-leaf, accompanied by a poem. Grillparzer thanked the prince for his attention, acknowledging the receipt of the leaf, but saying nothing about the poem. A few days afterward the two met at a party, and the archduke asked Grillparzer if he had not received the poem. "Oh, yes," replied the old dramatist, "I have; but, if I had written any thing about it, it would have encouraged your imperial highness to write more of the same kind, which you had better not do." Maximilian never wrote another line of poetry afterward.

The old city of Baireuth will become famous again in consequence of the great repre-

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representations of Richard Wagner's operas, which will take place there next year at a theatre expressly constructed for the purpose. Formerly Baireuth was the seat of a gay court, and in the present century it has been most frequently mentioned in consequence of a mysterious adventure which Napoleon I. had there during the night, which he passed in 1809, at the royal palace. What that adventure was has never been ascertained. When the subject was alluded to in the emperor's presence, he manifested unmistakable symptoms of horror.

The German "Schillerstiftung" has published its annual report. It bestows small pensions, most of them less than two hundred dollars, upon needy German authors of distinction. It is not creditable to Germany that among the persons thus relieved are such eminent representatives of German science and literature as Ludwig Feuerbach, Moritz Hartmann, and Karl Beck.

Several Catholic members of the Prussian Parliament complained recently to Prince Bismarck that the Government employed so few Catholics in its service. "Oh," replied Bismarck, "if we should employ men in our service according to the strength of their sect, then indeed we could hardly do justice to the Jews, among whom there are undoubtedly relatively more men fit to hold public positions than in any other denomination."

Nearly all eminent living composers and singers are of humble descent. Verdi was the son of a tinsmith; Gounod's father was a lawyer's clerk; Ambrose Thomas was born in a peasant's cabin; Offenbach's parents were poor trading Jews; Richard Wagner's father was a farmer; Pauline Lucca, in her childhood, sung in the streets of Vienna, and Christine Nilsson at the village fairs of Sweden.

The King of Bavaria has at length made amends for an act of narrow-mindedness committed by his grandfather, King Louis I., at the opening of the Walhalla, near Ratisbon. Although it was to be a Pantheon of the great men of Germany, the old king had refused to give a statue of Luther a place among the other monuments. This statue will now be placed there, amid imposing ceremonies.

During his trial for defrauding of the French Government in Paris, Victor Place, the ex-consul of France in New York, said that, on entering upon the discharge of his official duties in this city, he had paid visits to the prominent State and municipal functionaries of New York, but that, owing to their fear of the Germans in America, not one of these officials had returned his visit.

Gounod says he has composed most of his operas after midnight, and that he has hardly ever written a line of music in the daytime. Alexandre Dumas, too, was unable to write in broad daylight. When he began to write, which was generally about five in the afternoon, he caused the blinds of his windows to be lowered, and had a large lamp lighted.

The suppression of the Paris *Gaulois*, by order of President Thiers, will add largely to the circulation of *Figaro*, whose only successful competitor it was. It had a circulation of seventy-five thousand copies daily, and netted its proprietors an annual income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The two most sumptuous German gift-books now in course of preparation for the

next holiday season are Moritz von Schwind's "Seven Ravens," and his "Beautiful Melusina." Both will be profusely illustrated with photographs.

Count von Beust said the other day to a Hungarian journalist: "People believe that I have amassed riches while I was Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. The truth is, I am to-day poorer than when I came to Vienna."

Kneeken, the German composer, has written a peace-song, which, it is generally believed, will become the national hymn of Germany, the "Watch on the Rhine" not answering that purpose any more.

Frederick Kapp, formerly a resident of New York, and well known in the United States as the historian of General Steuben, and the author of other works on American topics, is now a member of the City Council of Berlin.

Rochefort is said to be in the deepest distress at his melancholy fate. President Thiers has notified him once for all that, as long as he is President of the French Republic, he must remain in prison.

Prince Charles of Roumania never visits the theatre at Bucharest, although he is a great lover of the dramatic art. But his appearance at the theatre has so often given rise to hostile demonstrations, that he prefers to stay away.

The German *Central-Blatt* announces that a German bookseller in New York does a larger business annually than any bookseller in Germany, including such houses as Brockhaus and the Cottas.

In Genoa they played the other day a play in which the letter "R" does not occur a single time.

The present Prime-Minister of Holland was formerly a clerk in a mackerel-packing establishment.

The Prussian police has prohibited the sale of photographs of Napoleon III. in his imperial robes.

Louis Kossuth earns a precarious living at Genoa as a teacher of foreign languages.

Copenhagen has three theatres, Hamburg seven, and St. Petersburg twenty-one.

Roumania has thirty-one newspapers.

Varieties.

THE late Dean Richmond, president of the New-York Central Railroad, was one day sitting in his office at Albany, when a man entered and said, falteringly: "Mr. Richmond, I believe?" "Yes; what do you want of me?" "I should like, sir, to get a pass to Buffalo." "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This with a rising and very rough voice.) "On the ground, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare." Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass and handed it to the applicant, who took it, saying: "Thank you; thank you, Mr. Richmond." "You needn't thank me. I'm glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I have ever known to ask for a pass on the right grounds."

The great diamond, weighing one hundred and fifty four carats, which has been found at the Cape of Good Hope, and is now on its way to England, is already furnished with its legend. It is said to have been found in the wall of one of the native huts, where a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that, being surprised by the light shining amid the darkness, he had, upon examination, found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of

course, the clump was soon detached by the visitor, and this new Koh-i-noor, with many other smaller diamonds, found within.

According to a census report, New Hampshire, with a total population of 318,300, had 15,585 persons over the age of 70, or five per cent. of the whole number. Of this aggregate, more than 7,000 were between the ages of 70 and 75; nearly 5,000 were over 75 and under 80; 700 were octogenarians; and 300 were between 90 and 95. Ten were 98 years old, two were 99, and six had passed the age of a century. It is doubtful whether any other State of 300,000 inhabitants can show so great a proportion of persons of extreme age.

This is the way they report an attempt at robbery in California: "After walking half a block, the sport suddenly stopped and asked Mr. Jackson if he had any thing with him. Without any hesitation, Mr. Jackson pointed two revolvers at the sport and asked him which he would prefer. The reply was that he did not want any thing to do with him. Jackson would not walk as fast as the other man did, and consequently had to go to his hotel alone."

Mr. A. Worthen, the State Geologist of Illinois, accounts for the presence of toads in rocks in the following manner: The toad seeks shelter in a crevice for the winter, where he remains in a dormant condition until the constant dripping of water holding carbonate of lime in solution seals him in completely. Here he remains until released by the hammer of the workman.

A good instance of sharp practice is that of a man in Ohio who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

A lady being asked what was her husband's occupation, said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term in the penitentiary to which she referred.

The paintings which adorn the parlor-walls of Mr. Justice Strong's house in Washington are the work of the fair hands of his four fair daughters.

There is a girl in New Haven who has been engaged to a member of every class that has been graduated at Yale since 1857.

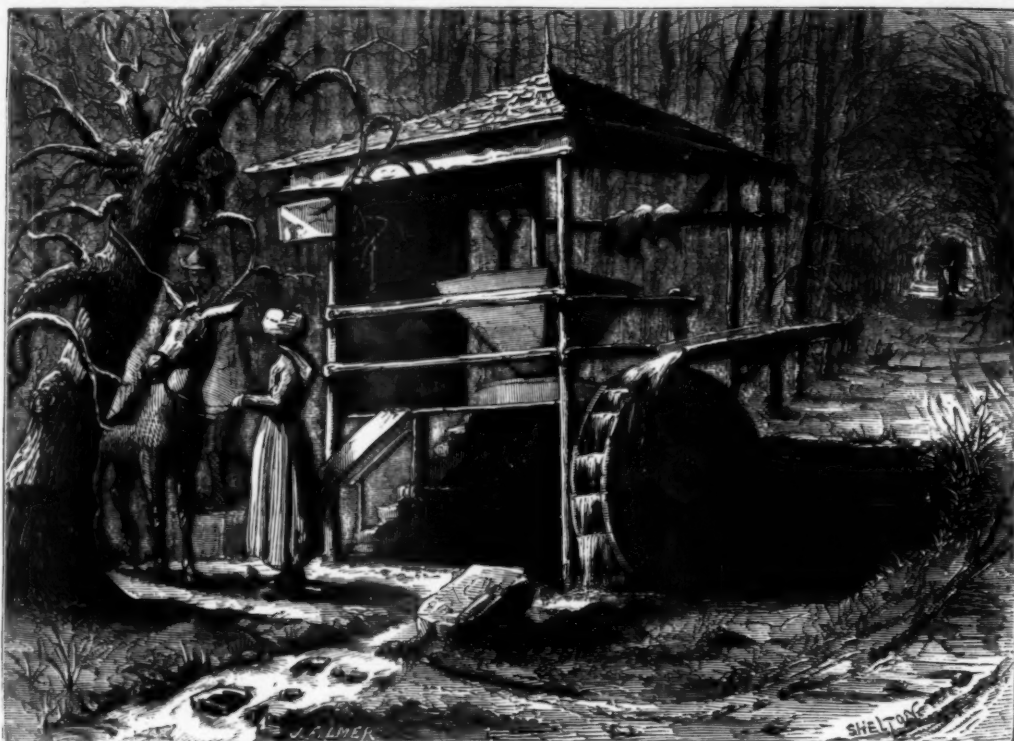
Pawnbrokers and drunkards are always taking pledges; the former sometimes keep them.

"A lot of the prettiest coffins for Christmas you ever saw," was a Kentucky advertisement.

It's a way with tailors to recommend things which are much worn when you want to buy new.

The Museum.

WE give this week an illustration of the very quaint grist-mills often found in the mountain-regions of North Carolina. The structure is certainly exceedingly primitive, and illustrates the sparseness of population in the upland sections. A small mountain-stream has been brought in troughs to the wheel of the mill; but this apparent minimum of force seems sufficient for the purpose. The grain is invariably brought to the mill on horseback. Vehicles are rarely seen on the mountain-roads of the South. The bags of grain are thrown across the back of the horse or mule, and the rider is in almost every case a woman. In North Carolina, hence, we have the mill as a somewhat original rendezvous for gossip and news among the fair sex. Every woman, as she rides, or as she waits for her grist, finds solace in her pipe—a graceful indulgence which no one, male or female, fails to enjoy in that lonely region.



A GRIST-MILL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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